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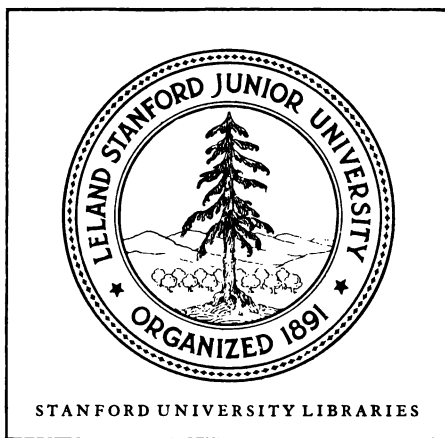
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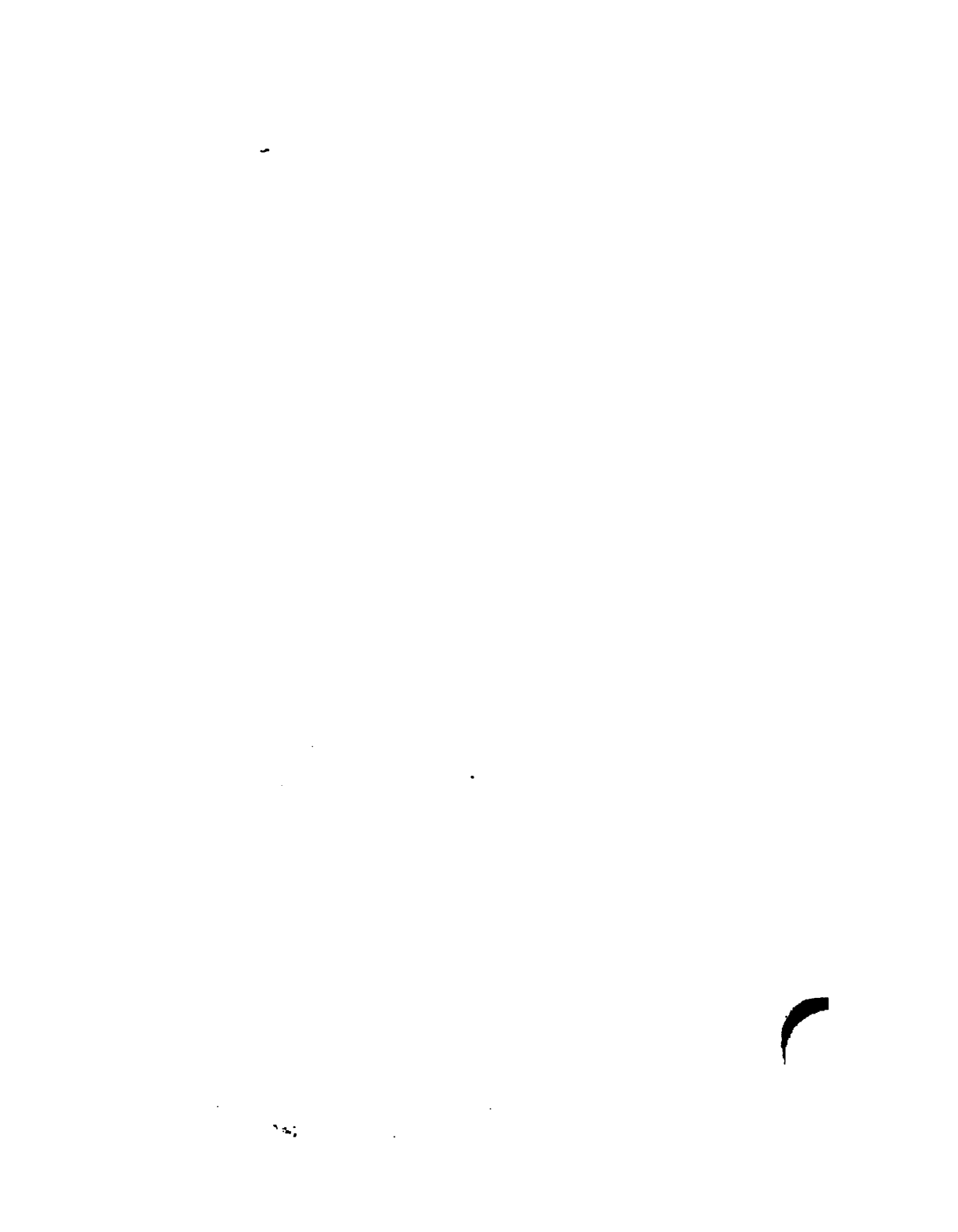
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IMAGES OF GOOD
AND EVIL



J. G. Phillips

**IMAGES OF
GOOD AND EVIL**

BY
ARTHUR SYMONS

**LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1899**

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CONTENTS

- The Dance of the Seven Sins : p. 1.**
The Lover of the Queen of Sheba : p. 30.
The Dance of the Daughters of Herodias : p. 42.
The Chimaera : p. 49.
The Old Women : p. 57.
The Unloved : p. 60.
The Beggars : p. 63.
The Two Blind Men : p. 66.
Divisions on a Ground : p. 68.
From Stéphane Mallarmé :
 i. **Hérodiade : p. 76.**
 ii. **Sigh : p. 80.**
 iii. **Sea-Wind : 81.**
Souls in the Balance :
 i. **To Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows : p. 83.**
 ii. **Stella Maligna : p. 87.**
 iii. **The Pale Woman : p. 90.**

- iv. Mater Liliū : p. 91.
- v. The Dogs : p. 93.
- vi. Sponsa Dei : p. 96.
- vii. Rosa Flammea : p. 99.
- viii. Laus Virginitatis : p. 102.
- ix. The Rapture : p. 105.
- x. To a Gitana Dancing : p. 107.
- From the "Antigone" of Sophocles : p. 110.
- On an Air of Rameau : p. 113.
- Airs for the Lute : p. 114.
- Modern Beauty : p. 118.
- From San Juan de la Cruz :
 - i. The Obscure Night of the Soul : p. 120.
 - ii. O Flame of Living Love : p. 123.
- From Santa Teresa : Four Songs : p. 125.
- Laus Mortis : p. 130.
- To Night : p. 133.
- Montserrat : p. 134.
- At Tarragona : p. 135.
- At Toledo : p. 137.
- Old Age : p. 139.
- Opals : p. 140.
- Rubies : p. 141.
- Degrees of Love : p. 142.

The Price : p. 143.

An Ending : p. 144.

In Ireland :

i. On Inishmaan : p. 145.

ii. By the Pool at the Third Rosses : p. 146.

iii. By Lough-na-Gar (Rain) : p. 148.

iv. By Lough-na-Gar (Green Light) : p. 149.

v. In the Wood of Finvara : p. 150.

Spain : p. 151.

Venetian Night : p. 153.

Dreams in Rome : p. 155.

Palm Sunday (Naples) : p. 156.

The Coming of Spring (Madrid) : p. 157.

September Idyl (Chaméane) : p. 159.

Haschisch : p. 161.

Parsifal : p. 162.

From "La Vida es Sueño" of Calderon : p. 163.

The Last Memory : p. 165.

Toys : p. 167.

Perfect Grief : p. 168.

The Dream : p. 169.

Weariness : p. 170.

Wind on the Sea : p. 172.

A Tune : p. 173.

The One Face : p. 174.

The Last Pity : p. 176.

Wanderer's Song : p. 178.

Epilogue : p. 180.

THE DANCE OF THE SEVEN SINS

THE BODY

CALL in the dancers.

THE SOUL

All is vain.

We live, and living is the pain
We die of while we live. The earth
Was made in some celestial mirth,
Not for our pleasure. I, who seem
To have some memory of a dream,
I know not when, I know not where,
Dream not, remember, and despair.

THE BODY

Dream always, and remember not.
I, if I dreamed, have yet forgot
Even the sleep. This hour I hold,
A sand-glass dropping sands of gold.
Call in the dancers, for they give
Bonds to the moment fugitive,
Wings to the moment slow to pass ;
I shake the hours in the hour-glass,

Bid the hours dance with you to-night,
My dancers, spirits of delight !

LUST

I give to man, who is the dust,
Life, and his breath : he calls me Lust.
I am Love's elder ; Love was born
To be the world's delight and scorn,
That man might veil, his sight being dim,
My own infinity in him.
Yet without me, that swiftly move
In all things, the indwelling love
Were as a song without a voice ;
By me the utmost heavens rejoice
At the achievement, in pure fire,
Of their own uttermost desire.
I am in man that flame of flames
He names by God's most sacred names,
Being creation, and from thence
A sleepless, vast omnipotence,
And an eternal fatherhood.
Without me nothing is seen good,
Nothing seen great, nor is there gained
The hope of aught to be attained,

Nor that fine, fiery speed of thought
By which the ends of the world are brought
Together in a wish. I give
More than life holds to all who live,
Being that desire which grants men strength
To endure with joy the utmost length
Of an intolerable way.
Night follows night, day follows day,
And, if I lead, hope flies with me
Across the white hills of the sea,
Across the wavering green lands.
I hold within my subtle hands
The promise of all worlds ; there come
To conquest and to martyrdom
At my indifferent, swift feet
All lovers, who astonished meet :
The pale saint, famishing for God,
The pallid virgin who has trod
The way not of virginity
Unto some alien ecstasy ;
A shepherd with his shepherdess ;
Kings, who have loved the purple less
Than some grey rags about the hem
Of a beggar-maid that passed by them ;

Tortured and torturer, the smile
Still gasping in their lips the while
Their fingers quiver ; and the proud
Lover whom love's hard bond allowed
Not even the release of speech.
I, to all these, am all in each,
Though most deny me, few receive
The half of all I have to give.
Aspire unto my Calvary ;
Few are there that have come thereby.
These are my saints, my own, my sons,
Chosen among my chosen ones
To be my priests serving the fire
Which on mine altars is desire
Of the impossible, the breath
Of a seven times renascent death
Of those delights ineffable,
Which, beyond utmost heaven, are hell.
Come near : these things are mysteries :
Come near, who with the spirit's eyes
Dare to behold, and can refine
Your senses to that crystalline
Ardour of the pure fire of love,
Where, beyond hell enjoyed, above

Heaven's ample, utmost lack forgiven,
Heaven over heaven, there is yet heaven.
It was the lust of God, fulfilled
With joys enjoyed, that bade him build
The wanton palace of the earth.
And of that memorable mirth
Which shook the stars upon that day
Some broken echoes drift our way
In any laughter of the grape.
How can Infinity escape
The horror of infinity,
If not by lust that there shall be
Some new, untried, most finite thing
Enjoyed without remembering
That all things else, being enjoyed,
Have perfectly filled full that void
Which is infinity possessed?
So, for those seven days, God had rest,
In that seven times delightful toil,
Creation, from the serpent's coil
Of his own wisdom binding him.
Have I not been God's seraphim?

SLOTH

These garlands tire me : I am Sloth.
See, in my hair these roses, both
The bracelets heavy on my wrists,
The languor of these amethysts
Chained to my ears with chains of gold,
The Tyrian webs whose downy fold
Droops on my bosom like dull sleep.
Let me but slumber : for I keep
The keys of that unwavering realm
Whose gates not Time shall overwhelm,
Whose shadowy temples no God may,
Though younger born, behold decay.
Come near, O sons of men, come near,
Come without hope, come without fear,
I am that happiness you dread ;
Within the curtains of my bed
A twilight moves with happy sighs,
And dreams shall cover your closed eyes
Softer than darkness ; plummy wings
Swifter than thoughts of hapless things,
And fragrant with the breath of peace.
Come, let these subtle hands release
Your foreheads tightened with the cords

Of wrinkled wisdom ; O grey lords
Of Time's inherited disgrace,
Come, make this heart your dwelling-place.
My lips are warm, because I drowse
All day within a pleasant house ;
Wandering odours come and go,
They are the souls of flowers that grow
Too faint with ecstasy to live ;
And sounds more frail and fugitive
Than rose-leaf dropping rainy tears
On rose-leaf, fill with delicate fears
The silence listening round my feet.
To me this moment is more sweet
Than any moment I have tired
My soul with having once desired,
Or any moment yet to be,
Delight being infinity.
I have no will to be more wise,
To be more comely in men's eyes,
To be more loved of one who may
Love more than he who loves to-day,
Or to love more than now I love.
I cross my folded arms above
A heart that in remembering

Remembers no unquiet thing ;
A heart fulfilled with the intense
Acceptance of that indolence
Which God the seventh day understood,
Proclaiming all things very good.
Love me, and I am satisfied
To be the soul's delighted bride,
To all love's ardours virginal.
Love me, or love me not at all,
And I am well content at heart
To sleep in some soft place apart,
Lonely as in a garden-close
Slumbers the solitary rose.
I am the wine within the cup,
Body and soul have I drained up,
Unbounded, unconsumed, and void,
Myself within myself enjoyed,
Being myself that loneliness
Which is the pain of beauty, less
Than beauty's vast, presumptuous mirth
Shaken like a flag above the earth.

AVARICE

I hoard the moments love lets slip,
The dregs that any feaster's lip
Rejects within the cup of life,
The shadows of the fleeting strife
Of colours, and the echoing
Of every half-unuttered thing ;
The faint dust shaken from the feet
Of Joy's forerunners in the street,
The knowledge dropt, some heedless day,
By Wisdom passing on her way,
The vows that lovers in a kiss
Have perjured : I am Avarice.
Always I walk with downcast eyes,
Lest, looking at the empty skies,
Wherein no treasure may be found,
I pass some poor thing on the ground.
My robes are ample, fold on fold,
That I may gather in, and hold,
And let not one escape from me,
All treasures of earth's treasury.
Also I walk with lingering pace,
Since, when mine eyes behold the grace
And glory whereof earth is full,

And how the world is beautiful,
Infinitely, and everywhere,
Then my desire is as the air
Embracing all things that exist.
All kisses that all lips have kissed
My lips are covetous that none
Escape them ; fondly, one by one,
My heart remembers every word
Of love that ever lover heard,
And hearkening I shall hoard away
All words that lovers shall yet say,
Saying to myself : All these are mine.
Gold too I love : two things divine
Among all delicate things I hold,
Gold even as love, love even as gold,
Neither of them the fairer thing.
But always, in my bargaining,
I would fain buy, and never sell.
It irks me, howsoever well
I bargain, to make bargain of
A pale and timid word of love
For any jewel of pure gold ;
The little timid word may hold
(Who knows ?) in its infinity

The small dust that may haply be
Dust of imperishable earth.
I think, within the whole world's girth,
There is no beauty I can pass,
For anything that ever was
May yet be mine : but for that thought
All beauty were to me as nought.
I love to follow, stride for stride,
The footsteps of my sister Pride,
For Pride with both hands flings away
Unhandled treasures. On her way
I follow Anger also : she
With one hand scatters heedlessly
The gifts that all her lovers give,
But spoilt and broken. I shall live
To old age, for my both hands cling
To Life for all her hurrying.
Only one thing on earth I dread,
The grave ; for in that narrow bed
But little treasure-room afford
The gaps 'twixt board and coffin-board.
I shall go down into that pit
Despoiled, for at the door of it,
Life, standing up against the sun,

Shall take my treasures one by one,
Leaving me only, for my part,
A little love within my heart,
A little wisdom in my brain :
The worms of these shall have their gain ;
When these have had their gain of me
Where then shall all my treasures be ?

GLUTTONY

My robes were coloured in the lees
Of those first Roman vintages
That crushed the whole world's glory up
Into one Imperial cup,
The later heavens with dew empearled.
I drink the glory of the world,
As an ox drains a small pool dry :
So passes the world's glory by.
And as an ox makes haste to eat
The meadow-grass beneath his feet,
I eat the glory that may pass
With the world's life and death of grass.
All flesh is grass : shall I assuage
My hunger with the pasturage
Of all earth's valleys, or my thirst

With every rock-born stream that burst
Each cloud-barred, starry mountain-gate ?
Surely the valleys shall not sate
My hunger, nor the rainy hills
The thirst that like the salt sea fills
My longing to its hollow shore.
I thirst immortally for more
Than mortal fruits ; if I could take
The world as a ripe fruit, and slake
All thirsts at once, have I not dreamed
Of other, unknown fruits that seemed
More delicate than this gross fruit
Whereof the graveyards know the root ?
O fruit of dreams, my teeth have met,
Only in dreams, in your red, wet,
Martyred, and ever bleeding heart !
When shall I find you, and what part
Of your bewildering ecstasy
Possess ? and what, possessing me,
Shall wholly from my sight remove
The intolerable fruit of love ?
This is the fruit that God, in wrath,
Planted upon a garden-path
Where man and woman walked in peace ;

And of this fruit the sad increase
Shall end not till the whole world end ;
For with the apple did God send ,
The hot desire of it, and then
The cold rejection, and again
Search, and entreaty, and despair ;
This apple hovers in the air
Before the lips of all that live ;
I have desired it, and would give
Desire of every earthly wine
That has, in any hour, been mine,
For this that has and has not been.
Often the apple will be green,
Often it will be yellowing
Unto a late, sad, rotten thing ;
And always, as it was before,
It will be bitter at the core,
And bitter in the skin. Yet, taste
This fruit of Eden in the waste
Of a spoilt world that but for it
Would have been wholly exquisite.
O priceless and forbidden joy,
That is the loved/ and loathed alloy
In every cup of earth, can those

Enchanted fruits of dream compose
A subtler flavour even in dreams ?
Grapes of an ecstasy which seems
The ecstasy that souls may have
In some wild heaven beyond the grave,
Is yours a subtler wine than this
Of earth's poor vineyard, wine that is
So sweet to taste, so good to give
The intoxicating lust to live,
And, its so brief desire being had,
Leaves the delighted flesh so sad ?

ANGER

My robes are red with blood ; my name
Is Anger. The delicious flame
Which burns within me shall not die
Till the last lover has put by
The last kiss ; for it is the fire
Of love, which with extreme desire
Burns out the heart that love has lit
With the extreme desire of it.
I love so ardently, I know
Not love from hate, not joy from woe.
I, when I love, am wroth awhile

With love's delight, if that can smile,
With love's desire, that can abate,
With this most pure and passionate
Moment of moments, if that last
Less than to measure all the past
And all the future. I am sad
Only for this, that I have had
No other hatred so intense
In justice and magnificence
As that self-hatred which I press
Against my own unworthiness.
Could I so dear a hatred prove,
That rapture would out-rapture love.
I walk on many a steep path,
Yet without weariness ; my wrath,
That strives against all mortal strife,
Is as a well-spring of new life.
I sharpen in the lover's heart
Desire, and when the pointed dart
Has flown, and quivers, turn afresh
The barb in the delighted flesh :
The flesh cries out and thanks me. I
In hearts am also jealousy,
Which is love's anger against love

For love's sake. It is I who move
The hearts of men that they refuse
Sought gifts, and women, that they choose
What they desire not. Love becomes,
Without me, as a rich man's crumbs
Unto a poor man; Love with me
Is the rich man's satiety
Of his spread feast. I am in these
Mother of madness, the disease
That proud men die of; and in those
Mother of wisdom. There arose
Many, by me, that have gone far,
And, for a perilous pilgrim star,
Have left their hamlets in the vale,
And have found kingdoms. Mine the tale
Of those who, having overturned
Kingdoms, and unto ruins burned
Strong cities, have sat down thereon,
Forgetting to lay stone on stone
That they might build, and wall about,
Mightier cities. I cry out,
In glory, on the topmost towers
Of the world, exulting that the hours
Of the world are numbered; and my voice

Is louder than the confluent noise
Of the four winds that hurry forth
From South and East and West and North.
Come hither, all that are the slaves
Of any bondage : of the graves
Wherein the dead bury their dead,
Or of youth's bubbling fountain-head ;
Come hither, bondslaves of content,
You, bondslaves of that indolent
Languor of love too satisfied ;
Drink of the spirit of my pride,
And I will free you of your chains,
Yea, I will light within your veins
An inextinguishable fire
Which shall consume even that desire
Of bondage. Who shall set me free,
Lastly, of mine own slavery ?

PRIDE

I wear the purple : I am Pride.
By me Love sits at God's right side,
Equal with God ; by me Love comes
Unto the many martyrdoms
Of fierce and unforgiven desire.

My spirit in Satan was that fire
Which lit the flaming brand he hurled
Into the darkness of the world,
Where men groped dimly after God ;
By me the beggar in the road,
Loving and being loved again,
Laughs in his rags against the rain,
Crying : Is it a little thing
To be the equal of a king ;
Can I have more than all I want ?
I teach the little reed to vaunt
Its rippling, twilit, secret voice,
The wind's breath and the water's noise,
Against the oak's great voice that forms
The eternal battle-cry of storms.
I teach the oak, being great and old,
To scorn, and as a moth's flight hold,
The wandering kingdoms of the clouds.
I hide from kings' eyes their own shrouds,
Whispering : Though the beggar die,
Kings have their immortality !
I teach the dreamer to despise
Thrones for their brief mortalities.
I am that voice which is the faint,

First, far-off sin within the saint,
When of his humbleness he first
Takes thought ; and I become that thirst
Which makes him drunken with his own
Humbleness, and so casts him down
From the last painful stair that waits
His triumphing feet at heaven's gates.
I am the only tempter heard
By Chastity ; I speak the word
Which in her confident heart she hears,
A whisper in her guarded ears :
For others let temptation be
Temptation, not for Chastity !
By me all lovers make their boast,
Contemning the eternal host
Of glories that have filled the earth
Since the first conqueror had birth,
And that eternity of peace
Which the assembled heavens release
To angels that have conquered it,
Beside the one brief infinite
Moment of earth and heaven's eclipse
When in that silence they join lips,
Closing their eyes. I too have sought,

In other's eyes, some grace unthought,
Only to see, as in a glass,
Mine own unchanging image pass ;
I have seen no one yet more fair,
Greater or subtler anywhere,
Than I am. When I love, being Pride,
I raise my lover to my side,
And I have never loved in vain.
Who loves me never loves again,
Nor have I, being Pride, forgot
A lover. Praise delights me not,
Nor mine own mirror : I am I.
To know me is to satisfy
Knowledge ; to love me is to know
Wisdom. Far off, dreams come and go ;
But I, that seek upon the earth
Nothing that had not mortal birth,
That bow not, on the ways of sin,
To aught I have not found within,
Dream never : we must kneel to dreams..
These are, if that be true which seems
To have been written on their wings,
The messengers of foreign kings.

LYING

I speak all tongues ; also I speak
The learning all the ages seek,
Some capture, and all leave behind ;
But I have cast out of my mind
Wisdom, and out of my heart love.
I lust not, nor sloth-heavy move,
Not covetous, no wine-bibber,
Nor is my tongue hasty to stir,
Nor mine eyes proud ; but I am wise
As the snake's tongue, the woman's eyes.
All men believe me ; me alone
All men believe ; to each his own
Desire I speak, in his own way.
To him who loves but love, I say :
I love you ; to the vain : In truth,
I find you beautiful, O youth ;
And to the timid : You are strong.
Behold these jewels, how the long
Slow silken raiment folds and drifts :
These gems, this raiment, are the gifts
Of all my lovers and my friends.
When at God's feet the sinner bends,
Saying, I repent ; I am his thought,

His speech, although he knows it not.
And when at the beloved's feet
The lover sighs : I love you, sweet,
I never loved, not ever may,
Love any one but you ; I say,
Word before word, each word for both.
When Lust says : I am life ; when Sloth :
I am content ; when Avarice :
I seek where any beauty is ;
When Gluttony : My mortal thirst
Upon immortal fruit was nursed ;
When Anger : I refine like fire ;
When Pride : No praise do I desire ;
'Tis I who speak in each, 'tis I
Through whom these lordly voices lie,
Since (lest man know me and condemn)
I speak my will to him through them.
Who is there that shall say for me
That all things are but vanity ?

THE BODY

I am the bondslave of these slaves.

THE SINS

O tyrant of the many graves,
It is to you that we are bound !
For you, for you, all we have found
New service, bondage ever new ;
We have brought all our gifts to you,
We have made pleasure of our pains,
And you have laid these many chains
Upon our hands, our feet, our souls.
But for this bondage that controls
Our will with that omnipotence
Which not our spirits, though intense
In their own ardour, can revoke,
We had been free ; and as sweet smoke
Had not our liberal glories gone
Up to the borders of God's throne,
Pure as the savour of his breath,
But for you, Body of our death ?

THE SOUL

Why do you crucify me afresh ?

THE SINS

O tyrant, sorer than the flesh,
Whose tyranny outlives the morn
Of resurrection, we have borne
From you a heavier slavery,
From you, by whom we might be free !
You gave us spiritual eyes
That we might sin, and be more wise
In sinning ; thought, that we might find
A subtler craft within the mind ;
Wings, that we might be strong to bear
Our burdens through the accomplice air,
Not tiring of them ; sense of good,
That virtue, being understood,
Might be our yoke-fellow ; the sight
Of beauty, that at last we might,
For you, O Soul, bring both within
Your domination, to be sin !

THE BODY

Dancers, I tire of you. I tire
Of all desire save one desire :
That I were free of you. My brows
Are weary of this golden house,

My brain is weary of your feet,
That loiter where they once were fleet,
Yet cease not. Cease ! for I behold
No beauty, as I did of old,
In any of your posturing :
You are as some forgotten thing.
And yet I saw you long ago
As those brave joys that come and go
In youth's rebellion of delight
Against old custom ; in my sight
You were the spirits made perfect of
Virtues that sinned from love of love ;
Immortal was each countenance,
Your dance was as the starry dance
Of the seven planets. Now I see
A wheel turn on an axle-tree,
A beggar's cloak that the wind shook ;
Your painted faces are a book
Scrawled by the fingers of a child ;
How is it I was so beguiled,
What was it that I loved you for,
O false ones, whom I now abhor
Even as I did adore you once ?
I would I could put back the sun's

Dark hand upon the dial ! Alas,
It is too late, and I must pass
The interval, until all ends,
With you, whom I have chosen for friends,
Chosen for my friends I know not how.
Would that the dance were over now !

THE SOUL

Dancers, I tire of you, I tire
Of all desire save one desire :
That I were free of you. Mine eyes
Are heavy with the mockeries
Of your eternal vanity ;
Your motions know not melody,
As your souls know not. You advance
As waves do, and your tangled dance
Scatters as leaves blown down the wind.
I find no grace in you, I find
Vanity, your illusions vain ;
And though I have thus long been fain
To endure you for the Body's sake,
And seeking from myself to make
Some moment's folly of escape,
Yet have I seen each soft-veiled shape

In its ungirded nakedness,
Each painted face a white distress
Under the smile ; astray, the beat
Of hurrying and unanswering feet,
And that you know not why you go
Your wandering ways : but who shall know
Save one that silent in the wings
Stands, and beholds your wanderings,
Who set the measure that you mar ?
Have I not seen you as you are
Always, and have I once admired
Your beauty ? I am very tired,
Dancers, I am more tired than you.
When shall the dance be all danced through ?
I see the lights grow dimmer ; one
By one the lights go out ; the sun
Will meet the darkness on its way.
Is it near morning ?

THE STAGE-MANAGER

It is day.

THE SOUL

Would it were that last day of days !

THE STAGE-MANAGER

It is. Each morning that decays
To midnight ends the world as well,
For the world's day, as that farewell
When, at the ultimate judgment-stroke,
Heaven too shall vanish in pale smoke.

THE LOVER OF THE QUEEN OF
SHEBA

To Sarviini

A YOUTH OF SHEBA
THE HERALD

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA
KING SOLOMON

THE YOUTH

I LIVE before the Moon of Queens,
I live and die before her sweet,
White, secret, wise, indifferent feet ;
And love, that is my life-blood, means
No more to her than summer heat
Or sudden sweetness of the flowers.
O colder than the icy moon,
That hides and dreams all day, to swoon
At night among the starry hours
When the pale night is at its noon !
She, the one whiteness of the earth,
For whom the ardent valley grows
A flame, an odour, and the rose,
Finds in the world but wisdom worth
The trouble of the soul's repose.
Kings from the West, Kings from the East,
Have poured out gold, incense, and myrrh

In tribute at the feet of her,
To whom the word of sage or priest
Is more than these, and lovelier
Than battles reddening the plain,
Or cities washed with smoking waves,
Or far-off continents of slaves
Bound captive to her anklet chain,
Or conquest of uncounted graves.
Kings from the East, Kings from the West,
Have come and gone, and no man yet
Has found the frozen amulet
That seals her heart within her breast.

THE HERALD

Room for the Queen of Sheba, let
The hearts and knees of all men bow !

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O gazer of the stars, draw near,
I have a tidings for thine ear,
Now all things are accomplished, now
The master of the world is here :
Mine eyes have looked on Solomon.

THE YOUTH

May the Queen prosper in all things !

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

The wisdom of the King of Kings
Is as his God's pavilion,
Pure gold, and veiled by seraph's wings.
Else were it brighter than white light :
As in a tender sea I bathe
In brightness, and its waves enswathe
My inmost spirit with delight.

THE YOUTH

Be all things even as the Queen saith !

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

I have unburdened all my soul,
And he has filled my soul with his ;
There is none wiser than he is,
His soul has opened to the whole
World's wisdom, as to happiness,
And wisdom blossoms like a flower
That need but blossom to be fair ;
And as the crown upon his hair

His pure magnificence of power
Garlands his going everywhere.

THE YOUTH

The Queen is wiser than all men ;
Why should the Queen of Queens bow down
To any wisdom, when the crown
Of wisdom is her own, and when
The soul of wisdom is her own ?

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

I am a child before this man,
I have but played with toys, and fought
With shadows, and my little thought
Shrivels before him to a span,
And all I am is less than nought.

THE YOUTH

Madam, the Kings of all the earth
Have been accounted in your eyes
Even as a little dust of spice,
A little fragrant moment's worth ;
Yet these, although they were not wise,
Madam, these loved you with a love

That was a shield and buckler flung
About your life, a banner hung
Upon the topmost towers thereof ;
And these were mighty, and these young,
And all had died for you, and all
Had lived for you, and all had been,
Being Kings, the servants of the Queen.
Shall Solomon attend your call,
Shall he, a slave with slaves, be seen ?

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O youth that speakest these brave words,
Hast thou loved any ?

THE YOUTH

Madam, yea.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

And did thy will choose out thy way,
And didst thou love for flocks and herds,
And didst thou love who loved thee, say ?

THE YOUTH

Madam, I loved but for love's sake.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Happily ?

THE YOUTH

Happily ; in vain.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Wouldst thou be free of love again ?

THE YOUTH

O Queen, how gladly would I take
Into my heart a tenfold pain !

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Thou lovest well. I would love well.

THE HERALD

Room for the King of Israel, bow
Your hearts and knees before him now ;
Room for the King of Israel !

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

King of the Kings of earth, hail thou

KING SOLOMON

O Queen, in Sheba hast thou found
Among the groves of spice and myrrh
The honeyed wisdom lovelier
Upon thy moving lips than sound
Of psaltery or dulcimer ?

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O King, I have given up my youth
To wisdom, I have sought to find
The secret influences that bind
Star unto star, the grains of truth
Shredded in sand beneath the wind,
The secret dropping in the rain,
The secret hushed among the reeds
And huddled in the heart of weeds ;
And I have called across the plain
Wise men whose words are more than deeds,
And I have listened to their speech,
And talked with those Arabians
Whose memory is more than man's,
And read with them the books that teach
The lore of the Egyptians.
And I have given up for this

The joy of love, and all the spring,
And all the garden blossoming
With scents of simple happiness,
And every sweet unthoughtful thing-
I have given up the joys of life
That I might find its secret ; lo,
I have attained not even to know
Why, when thou comest near, the strife-
That comes and goes and will not go
Out of my heart is strangely stilled.
O King, my wisdom unto thine
Is as a shadow, and no more mine ;
Thou in whom wisdom is fulfilled,
Canst thou the word of life divine ?

KING SOLOMON

O Queen, I also have inquired,
And sought out wisdom patiently,
And if in all the world there be
More wisdom yet to be desired,
Wisdom is weariness to me.
For wisdom, being attained, but shows
That all things are but shadows cast
On running water, swiftly past,

And as the shadow of the rose
That withers in the mirror glassed.
What shall it profit me to have been
Yesterday happy, if to-day
I am sad, and where is yesterday ?
What shall it profit me, O Queen,
When I am dead, and laid away
Under the earth, to have been wise,
To have lived long and ruled with might,
When all the ancient weight of night
Is as a burden on mine eyes,
And all the world is full of light ?
There is one secret unto all :
Though life be fair or life forlorn,
Though men bow down to thee or scorn,
Howe'er fate fill the interval,
'Tis better not to have been born.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

O King, how then may we that live,
Best use the interval that waits
Between the closed and open gates ?
How may we best, O King, forgive
For this sad gift the unfriendly fates ?

KING SOLOMON

Queen, we may love.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Yet is not love,

As life, illusion ?

KING SOLOMON

Even so deep,

That this enchants into its sleep
Even them that know the secret of
The enchanted slumber that they keep.
Love only of illusions brings
The present to the present hour ;
Wisdom and wealth and state and power
Promise the future, whose slow wings,
When we have reached it, do but shower
A little travelling dust on us
While groping in the dust we bow ;
Love only is the eternal now,
Being of our frailty piteous.
When thou art I, and I am thou,
Time is no more ; the heavy world,
As we among the lilies, we

Under the vine and almond tree,
Wake to that slumber, might be hurled
Into the void eternity,
And we not know. Beloved, come
Into the garden dim with spice ;
Let us forget that we are wise,
And wisdom, though it be the sum
Of all but love, is love's disguise.
Let us forget all else that is,
Save this, that joy is ours to know,
A moment, ere he turn and go,
And that joy's moment, love, is this.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

Beloved, be it even so.

THE YOUTH

He who has found all wisdom out
Is yet too wise to find out love ;
His wisdom and the pride thereof
Is as a cloud folded about
The brightness of the sun above.
He does not know that love is breath
A man but breathes because he must ;

A breath, a bondage, and a trust,
That knows not time, that knows not death,
That knows not love which is but lust,
Nor love which is but vain desire.
He, who is wisdom, does not see
It is from all eternity
Man loves that love which shall not tire
When heaven and earth have ceased to be.
She, for his moment, loves not him,
But wisdom ; let him love, not her,
But love ; I, waiting lonelier
Than even of old, watch out the dim
And shadowy days, that without stir
Into the dusk of years descend ;
I wait, till heaven and earth being gone,
She comes to me to be my own
Until this love come to an end.
Bow down to me, O Solomon !

THE DANCE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF HERODIAS

IS it the petals falling from the rose ?
For in the silence I can hear a sound
Nearer than mine own heart-beat, such a word
As roses murmur, blown by a great wind.
I see a pale and windy multitude
Beaten about the air, as if the smoke
Of incense kindled into visible life
Shadowy and invisible presences ;
And, in the cloudy darkness, I can see
The thin white feet of many women dancing,
And in their hands . . . I see it is the dance
Of the daughters of Herodias ; each of them
Carries a beautiful platter in her hand,
Smiling, because she holds against her heart
The secret lips and the unresting brow
Some John the Baptist's head makes lament-
able ;
Smiling as innocently as if she carried
A wet red quartered melon on a dish.
For they are stupid, and they do not know
That they are slaying the messenger of God.

Here is Salome. She is a young tree
Swaying in the wind ; her arms are slender
branches,

And the heavy summer leafage of her hair
Stirs as if rustling in a silent wind ;
Her narrow feet are rooted in the ground,
But, when the dim wind passes over her,
Rustlingly she awakens, as if life
Thrilled in her body to its finger-tips.
Her little breasts arise as if a thought
Beckoned, her body quivers ; and she leans
Forward, as if she followed, her wide eyes
Swim open, her lips seek ; and now she leans
Backward, and her half-parted lips are moist,
And her eyelashes mingle. The gold coins
Tinkle like little bells about her waist,
Her golden anklets clash once, and are mute.
The eyes of the blue-lidded turquoises,
The astonished rubies, waked from dreams of
fire,

The emeralds coloured like the under-sea,
Pale chrysoprase and flaming crysolite,
The topaz twofold, twofold sardonyx,
Open, from sleeping long between her breasts;

And those two carbuncles, which are the eyes
Of the gold serpent nestling in her hair,
Shoot starry fire ; the bracelets of wrought
gold

Mingle with bracelets of carved ivory
Upon her drooping wrists. Herodias smiles,
But the grey face of Herod withers up,
As if it dropped to ashes ; the parched tongue
Labours to moisten his still-thirsting lips ;
The rings upon his wrinkled fingers strike,
Ring against ring, between his knees. And
she,

Salome, has forgotten everything,
But that the wind of dancing in her blood
Exults, crying a strange, awakening song ;
And Herod has forgotten everything,
He has forgotten he is old and wise.
He does not hear the double-handed sword
Scrape on the pavement, as Herodias beckons
The headsman, from behind him, to come
forth.

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,
With their eternal, white, unfaltering feet,

And always, when they dance, for their delight,
Always a man's head falls because of them.
Yet they desire not death, they would not slay
Body or soul, no, not to do them pleasure :
They desire love, and the desire of men ;
And they are the eternal enemy.
They know that they are weak and beautiful,
And that their weakness makes them beautiful,
For pity, and because man's heart is weak.
To pity woman is an evil thing ;
She will avenge upon you all your tears,
She would not that a man should pity her.
But to be loved by one of these beloved
Is poison sweeter than the cup of sleep
At midnight : death, or sorrow worse than
death,
Or that forgetfulness, drowning the soul,
Shall heal you of it, but no other thing :
For they are the eternal enemy.
They do not understand that in the world
There grows between the sunlight and the
grass
Anything save themselves desirable.
It seems to them that the swift eyes of men

Are made but to be mirrors, not to see
Far-off, disastrous, unattainable things.
“For are not we,” they say, “the end of all ?
Why should you look beyond us? If you look
Into the night, you will find nothing there :
We also have gazed often at the stars.
We, we alone among all beautiful things,
We only are real : for the rest are dreams.
Why will you follow after wandering dreams
When we await you ? And you can but dream
Of us, and in our image fashion them ! ”
They do not know that they but speak in sleep,
Speaking vain words as sleepers do ; that dreams
Are fairer and more real than they are ;
That all this tossing of our freighted lives
Is but the restless shadow of a dream ;
That the whole world, and we that walk in it,
Sun, moon, and stars, and the unageing sea,
And all the happy humble life of plants,
And the unthoughtful eager life of beasts,
And all our loves, and birth, and death, are all
Shadows, and a rejoicing spectacle
Dreamed out of utter darkness and the void
By that first, last, eternal soul of things,

The shadow of whose brightness fashions us,
That, for the day of our eternity,
It may behold itself as in a mirror.
Shapes on a mirror, perishable shapes,
Fleeting, and without substance, or abode
In a fixed place, or knowledge of ourselves,
Poor, fleeting, fretful, little arrogant shapes ;
Let us dream on, forgetting that we dream !

They dance, the daughters of Herodias,
Everywhere in the world, and I behold
Their rosy-petalled feet upon the air
Falling and falling in a cadence soft
As thoughts of beauty sleeping. Where they
pass,
The wisdom which is wiser than things known,
The beauty which is fairer than things seen,
Dreams which are nearer to eternity
Than that most mortal tumult of the blood
Which wars on itself in loving, droop and die.
But they smile innocently, and dance on,
Having no thought but this unslumbering
thought :
“ Am I not beautiful? Shall I not be loved ? ”

Be patient, for they will not understand,
Not till the end of time will they put by
The weaving of slow steps about men's hearts.
They shall be beautiful, they shall be loved.
And though a man's head falls because of them
Whenever they have danced his soul asleep,
It is not well that they should suffer wrong;
For beauty is still beauty, though it slay,
And love is love, although it love to death.
Pale, windy, and ecstatic multitude
Beaten about this mortal air with winds
Of an all but immortal passion, borne
Upon the flight of thoughts that drooped their
wings

Into the cloud and twilight for your sake,
Yours is the beauty of your own desire,
And it shall wither only with that love
Which gave it being. Dance in the desolate
air,

Dance always, daughters of Herodias,
With your eternal, white, unfaltering feet,
But dance, I pray you, so that I from far
May hear your dancing fainter than the drift
Of the last petals falling from the rose.

THE CHIMAERA

I DREAMED that the Chimaera came,
A wandering angel, white with flame
From some cloud's height or moonless deep,
And bent above me in the sleep
We dream in cradles, mused, and smiled
Subtly, and said to me : " O child,
Born under Venus, to be love's,
Under the Moon, that whitely moves,
Chaste and inconstant, over heaven ;
Child, who to Herschel has been given,
The star of strange desire, all these
Are busy with your destinies.
You shall desire immortal things,
And, in too swift imaginings,
Tire out desire, who has but wings.
You shall desire love, you shall track
The young God home ; then, shrinking back,
Like Psyche from his naked face,
Desert him at the meeting-place.
You shall desire fame, yet despise
The bent knees, the insolent cries
And loud hands of the multitude.

You shall desire joy's daily food
And hope's unalterable home,
Yet refuse peace. And there shall come
Every desire you have implored,
And shall kneel down, saying Lord, Lord,
And wait your pleasure. But you, tired
Of all desires you have desired,
Shall say, I know you not, and thrust
Scornfully back into the dust
These servitors importunate.
Then, from the silence where I wait,
A blind old madness shall return,
And shall lay hold on you, and burn
Your veins with bitter life ; for this
Kings have lost kingdoms in a kiss,
And wise men kingdoms of the mind,
And have gone forth, naked and blind,
With dancing and with insane mirth,
Into the waste ways of the earth.
You shall seek out the Cloven Hill,
Where the wide gates are open still,
The tables set, nor have they ceased,
The feasters feasting at the feast.
Then shall that dusk of shadowy air

(Because for you one light is there)
Blossom in white-rose flame for you,
And the old sun and air and dew
And freshness of the world, and change
Of seasons and cool stars, grow strange ;
Then, suddenly, you shall be hurled,
Forth from thence, back into the world.
Then shall your veins, remembering
That sweet, intolerable thing
Which shook their pulses with its breath,
Desire the shadow of that death ;
And it shall not be given you back.
Then shall you seek the hidden track
A mist has covered from your eyes
Since like a veil about you lies
The bright imprisonment of day.
Child, child, you shall not find the way."

Chimaera, I have been among
The loving people, who yet throng
The twilight about Tannhäuser ;
And I have seen the face of her
Whose sorrow, older than that grace

Which in her face is Beauty's face,
Fights in her battled soul for God.
And the earth, knowing I have trod
Ways not its ways, those ways not meet,
Sets all its stones against my feet.
Let me return, Chimaera ! Still
I seek for the accursed hill,
The most fair gate of Hell. Some day,
Chimaera, I shall find the way !

Ah, if I might but find it not !
Are there not other ways forgot
Which lead to other lands than this
Of the immeasurable abyss ?
I would that I could one day close
Mine eyes in some divine repose ;
That I could shape to my control
A palace for my restless soul.
With dreams of order I would build,
My comely palace should be filled
With dreams of colour and bright sound,
And twilight should enfold it round,
Setting a veil against the sun.

Then, like mute servants, one by one,
Dreams should bring in to me, and lay
Before my feet, and bear away,
Beautiful things of earth, but changed,
Made pallid, delicate, estranged
From the gold light, the glittering air.
There should my soul find refuge, there
Life and my dream of life be one.
Too late ! The music has begun
Which calls me in the air ; there floats
A sound of voices, the wild notes
(Is it in air, is it from earth ?)
Which were the wine-song of our mirth.
They call me if a moment's peace
Rock memory to sleep ; then cease.

Chimaera, I will strive no more.
All things, as they have been before,
Shall be, until the end of days,
Nor shall our crying change the ways
Our feet must walk in. I will strive
No more, content to be alive,
Hoping no hopes, accepting all,

Quiet behind the prison-wall
Which with thine own self shuts me in.
Why strive in vain? why not begin
To make my prison fair to see,
And half forget my slavery?
Shall not the universal stars
Visit me through my prison-bars?
But it is you, Chimaera, you,
Whose low continual whisper through
Those prison-bars the whole day long
Comes to me, murmuring: "Up, be strong,
Cast off your chains, come forth, behold
A way of roses and of gold;
Winter is over, and the spring
In the world's heart is blossoming;
It is the time of lilies. Come!"
O impotent voice abhorred, be dumb!
Why is it that I cannot find
Bounds to my ardours unconfined,
Why, empty of sin and void of grace,
Do I behold only my face
In the white mirror of the world,
Vainly, and without respite, hurled
Like the torn winds about the void;

Why thirsting still for unenjoyed
Delights and undiscovered springs,
Desiring in all mortal things
To hear and hold and taste and see
Mortal impossibility ?
All men, not wholly drowned in life,
Suffer the rapture and the strife
Of their Chimaera : some men chain
That airy monster of the brain,
And he is Ariel to them ; some
Endure his bondage. Yet there come,
To all these, phantoms of release,
Even these possess the secret peace
Which is both memory and hope.
But I have rendered all things up ;
White angel, wandering from afar,
I know you now, the thing you are,
I know I am myself mine own
Chimaera, chained, famished, alone,
Whose anger heartens him afresh
To feed upon his very flesh,
Till anguish bid delight to pause ;
And I must suffer him because
Until the hour when God shall send

Suddenly the reluctant end
He with my breath must draw his breath.
O bonds slave, bonds slave unto death,
Might I but hope that death should free
This self from its eternity !

THE OLD WOMEN

THEY pass upon their old, tremulous feet,
Creeping with little satchels down the
street,

And they remember, many years ago,
Passing that way in silks. They wander, slow
And solitary, through the city ways,
And they alone remember those old days
Men have forgotten. In their shaking heads
A dancer of old carnivals yet treads
The measure of past waltzes, and they see
The candles lit again, the patchouli
Sweeten the air, and the warm cloud of musk
Enchant the passing of the passionate dusk.
Then you will see a light begin to creep
Under the earthen eyelids, dimmed with sleep,
And a new tremor, happy and uncouth,
Jerking about the corners of the mouth.
Then the old head drops down again, and
shakes,
Muttering.

Sometimes, when the swift gaslight wakes
The dreams and fever of the sleepless town,

A shaking huddled thing in a black gown
Will steal at midnight, carrying with her
Violet little bags of lavender,
Into the tap-room full of noisy light ;
Or, at the crowded earlier hour of night,
Sidle, with matches, up to some who stand
About a stage-door, and, with furtive hand,
Appealing : " I too was a dancer, when
Your fathers would have been young gentlemen ! "

And sometimes, out of some lean ancient
throat,

A broken voice, with here and there a note
Of unspoilt crystal, suddenly will arise
Into the night, while a cracked fiddle cries
Pantingly after ; and you know she sings
The passing of light, famous, passing things.
And sometimes, in the hours past midnight,
reels

Out of an alley upon staggering heels,
Or into the dark keeping of the stones
About a doorway, a vague thing of bones
And draggled hair.

And all these have been loved,

And not one ruinous body has not moved
The heart of man's desire, nor has not seemed
Immortal in the eyes of one who dreamed
The dream that men call love. This is the end
Of much fair flesh ; it is for this you tend
Your delicate bodies many careful years,
To be this thing of laughter and of tears,
To be this living judgment of the dead,
An old grey woman with a shaking head.

THE UNLOVED

THESE are the women whom no man has
loved.

Year after year, day after day has moved.

These hearts with many longings, and with
tears,

And with content ; they have received the
years

With empty hands, expecting no good thing ;

Life has passed by their doors, not entering.

In solitude, and without vain desire,

They have warmed themselves beside a lonely
fire ;

And, without scorn, beheld as in a glass

The blown and painted leaves of Beauty
pass.

Their souls have been made fragrant with the
spice

Of costly virtues lit for sacrifice ;

They have accepted Life, the unpaid debt,

And looked for no vain day of reckoning.

Yet

They too in certain windless summer hours

Have felt the stir of dreams, and dreamed the
powers

And the exemptions and the miracles
And the cruelty of Beauty. Citadels
Of many-walled and deeply-moated hearts
Have suddenly surrendered to the arts
Of so compelling magic ; entering,
They have esteemed it but a little thing
To have won so great a conquest ; and with
haste

They have cast down, and utterly laid waste,
Tower upon tower, and sapped their roots with
flame ;

And passed on that eternity of shame
Which is the way of Beauty on the earth.
And they have shaken laughter from its mirth,
To be a sound of trumpets and of horns
Crying the battle-cry of those red morns
Against a sky of triumph.

On some nights
Of delicate Springtide, when the hesitant lights
Begin to fade, and glimmer, and grow warm,
And all the softening air is quick with storm,
And the ardours of the young year, entering in,

Flush the grey earth with buds ; when trees
begin
To feel a trouble mounting from their roots,
And all their green life blossoming into shoots,
They too, in some obscure, unblossoming
strife,
Have felt the stirring of the sap of life.
And they have wept, with bowed heads ; in the
street
They hear the twittering of little feet,
The rocking of the cradles in their hearts.

This is a mood, and, as a mood, departs
With the dried tears ; and they resume the tale
Of the dropt stitches ; these must never fail
For a dream's sake ; nor, for a memory,
The telling of a patient rosary.

THE BEGGARS

IT is the beggars who possess the earth.
Kings on their throne have but the
narrow girth

Of some poor known dominion ; these possess
All the unknown, and that vast happiness
Of the uncertainty of human things.
Wandering on eternal wanderings,
They know the world ; and tasting but the
bread

Of charity, know man ; and, strangely led
By some vague, certain, and appointed hand,
Know fate ; and being lonely, understand
Some little of the thing without a name
That sits by the roadside and talks with them,
When they are silent ; for the soul is shy
If more than its own shadow loiter by. >
They and the birds are old acquaintances,
Knowing the dawn together ; theirs it is
To settle on the dusty land like crows,
The ragged vagabonds of the air ; who knows
How they too shall be fed, day after day,
And surer than the birds, for are not they

The prodigal sons of God, our piteous
Aliens, outcast and accusing us?
Do they not ask of us their own, and wait,
Humbly, among the dogs about the gate,
While we are feasting? They will wait till
night:

Who shall wait longer?

Dim, shadowy, white,
The highway calls; they follow till it ends,
And all the way they walk among their
friends,

Sun, wind, and rain, their tearful sister rain,
Their brother wind. Forest and hill and plain
Know them and are forgotten. Grey and
old,

Their feet begin to linger, brown arms fold
The heavy peace of earth about their heart,
And soon, and without trouble, they depart
On the last journey.

As the beggar lies,
With naked face, remembering the skies,
I think he only wonders: Shall I find
A good road still, a hayrick to my mind,
A tavern now and then upon the road?

He has been earth's guest ; he goes ; the old
abode

Drops to the old horizon, the old way
Of yesterday and every yesterday.

We, heavy laden, miserably proud
Because our hands ache and our backs are
bowed

With dusty treasures, have so much to quit :
He, nothing, nor the memory of it.
O, the one happiness, when, out of breath,
Our feet slip, and we stumble upon death !

THE TWO BLIND MEN

(From the Neapolitan of Salvatore di Giacomo)

TELL me one thing. Have you, within
your brain,
The face of anybody in the world
You saw, before you never saw again?

—Ah yes; and you?—No, brother, I have
none.
I was born blind. So, for my sins, God
willed
Before my life had even been begun.

—Speak not of God! How many times I
prayed,
Brother, you cannot think how many times,
And now his darkness over me is laid.

—But in the street, now, does the sun shine
there?
And what is the sun like?—The sun's of gold,
And it is like my Serafina's hair.

—Who is your Serafina? Some one who'll
Come here to see you sometimes?—Yes,
sometimes.
—And . . . she is beautiful?—Yes, beautiful.

Then he who had been blind when he was
born
Sighed. And the other blind man sighed, and
hid
His face between his hands, as one forlorn.

The first said: Do not weep; have I not
known
The mother of the body that I bear,
Have I not known her by her voice alone?

And both were silent. And about them
rolled
The perfume of the garden, and the sun
Shone in the sky, the sun that is of gold.

DIVISIONS ON A GROUND

I

BELOVED, there is a sorrow in the world
Too aged to remember its own birth,
A grey, old, weary, and immortal sorrow.
The sorrow of our love is as a breath
Sighed heavily by a sleeper in a dream ;
But this great sorrow of the world endures,
Sleepless, the alternation of the stars,
Beholding death, and crying upon death,
Sad with old age, and weary of the sun,
And deathless ; and shall not be wearier
When time has rusted your bright hair's fine
gold.

Think what a little sorrow have we had
Who have seen beauty with the eyes of love,
Who have seen knowledge, wisdom, evil and
good,
With the eyes of beauty, having felt the flame
Cleanse, sacrifice, illuminate us with joy !
Think on all lovers who have never met,
Wandering in the exile of the world,
Remembering they know not what, some voice,

Unheard and yet remembered, some dear face
Which shines beyond a cloud and waits for
them.

Think then how little sorrow we have had !
All the uncomely evil of the earth
Has passed us by ; sorrow has been no clown
Forcing our gates with riotous mirth, but
grave

As the unwilling herald of a king.
And we, have we not willed that this should
be,

Somewhere, when naked soul by naked soul
The fashioner of the world arraigns his work,
Bidding each living thing behold, and choose,
Beholding, his own lot ; have we not willed
That all this should be thus, willing our fate ?
O blind, old, weary sorrow of the world,
Receive my pity, though from this day forth
I have said farewell to joy ! I have within
A memory which is more than happiness ;
I have seen the glory, and am henceforth blind
That I may feast on sight. Alas for those
On whom no unendurable glory shone,
Blind from the birth, who labour and behold

No shining on the sea or in the sky
When the long day is over, but endure
The weight of that old sorrow of the world
Which beauty cannot lift from tired men.

II

The sorrowful, who have loved, I pity not ;
But those, not having loved, who do rejoice
To have escaped the cruelty of love,
I pity, as I pity the unborn.
Love is, indeed, as life is, full of care,
The tyrant of the soul, the death of peace,
Rash father and blind parricide of joy ;
And it were better never to have been,
If slothful ease, calm hours, are all of life,
Than to have chosen such a bedfellow.
Yet, if not rest, but rapture, and to attain
The wisdom that is silence in the stars
When the great morning-song is quieted,
Be more of life than these, and worth the pain
Of living, then choose love, although he bring
Mountainous griefs, griefs that have made men
mad.

Be sorrowful, all ye that have not loved,
Bow down, be sorrowful exceedingly,
Cover your heads from the embracing air,
And from the eye of the sun, lest ye be
shamed ;

Earth would be naked of you ; ye have known
Only to hide from living : life rejects
The burden of your uncompanioned days.
This is of all things saddest in the world,
Not that men love, not that men die for love,
But that they dare be cowards of their joy,
Even unto death ; who, dying without love,
Drop into narrow graves to shiver there
Among the winds of time, till time's last wind
Cleanse off the poor, lonely, and finite dust
From earth made ready for eternity.

III

Let me hear music, for I am not sad,
But half in love with sadness. To dream so,
And dream, and so forget the dream, and so
Dream I am dreaming ! This old little voice,
Which pants and flutters in the clavichord,

Has the bird's wings in it, and women's tears,
The dust has drunken long ago, and sighs
As of a voiceless crying of old love
That died and never spoke ; and then the soul
Of one who sought for wisdom ; and these
cry

Out of the disappointment of the grave.
And something, in the old and little voice,
Calls from so farther off than far away,
I tremble, hearing it, lest it draw me forth,
This flickering self, desiring to be gone,
Into the boundless and abrupt abyss
Whereat begins infinity ; and there
This flickering self wander eternally
Among the soulless, uncreated winds
Which storm against the barriers of the world.
But most I hear the pleading and sad voice
Of beauty, sad because it cannot speak
Out of harsh stones and out of evil noise,
And out of thwarted faces, and the gleam
Of things corrupted, and all ruinous things.
This is the voice that cries, and would be
heard,
And can but speak in music. Venerable

And ageless Beauty of the world, whose breath
Is life in all things, I have seen thy form
In cloud, and grass, and wave, and glory of
man,
Flawless, but I have heard thy very voice
Here only, here only human, and here sad
Only of all thy voices upon earth.

IV

Who shall deliver us from too much love?
There is an evil thing within the world,
Mother of hatred, mother of cruelties,
The sunderer of hearts ; and this is love.
I, if mine enemy hunger, give him food,
And, if mine enemy thirst, give him to drink ;
This is a little and an easy thing.
But, if I heap the dish with only love,
In any charity, for love's sake alone,
Fate shall not hold me guiltless of that deed.
For sorrow goes with it, and bitter joy,
And memory, and the desire of love,
And aching of remembering hearts remembered.

There is an evil thing within the heart :
Grief shall not master it nor any fear,
Nor any knowledge, nor desire of right ;
Love in the heart shall shine within the
 eyes,
Giving itself in gift, withholding nothing ;
And where the man gives shall the woman
 take,
And where the woman gives the man shall
 take,
Not counting gifts, giving and taking all,
Ruinously, a plague upon the earth.
O giver of this love, give man to see
The glory of thine intolerable gift,
Or snatch again out of his passionate hands,
Out of his passionate and childish hands,
That beautiful and sharp and fragile thing,
Love, that he makes so deadly and his toy !

V

There is a woman whom I love and hate :
There is no other woman in the world :
Not in her life shall I have any peace.

There is a woman whom I love and hate :
I have not praised her : she is beautiful :
Others have praised her : she has seen my
heart :
She looked, and laughed, and looked, and went
away.

There is a woman whom I hate and love :
This is my sorrow : she has bound my neck
Within the noose of her long hairs, and bound
My soul within the halter of her dreams,
And fastened down my heart into one place,
Like a rat nailed upon a granary door ;
And she has gone a farther way than death.

There is a woman whom I love and hate :
Not in her life shall I have any peace :
Death, hear me not, when I desire her death !

FROM STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

I

HÉRODIADE

HÉRODIADE

TO mine own self I am a wilderness.
You know it, amethyst gardens num-
berless
Enfolded in the flaming, subtle deep,
Strange gold, that through the red earth's heavy
sleep
Has cherished ancient brightness like a dream,
Stones whence mine eyes, pure jewels, have
their gleam
Of icy and melodious radiance, you,
Metals, which into my young tresses drew
A fatal splendour and their manifold grace !
Thou, woman, born into these evil days
Disastrous to the cavern sibylline,
Who speakest, prophesying not of one divine,
But of a mortal, if from that close sheath,
My robes, rustle the wild enchanted breath
In the white quiver of my nakedness,

If the warm air of summer, O prophetess
(And woman's body obeys that ancient claim),
Behold me in my shivering starry shame,
I die !

 The horror of my virginity
Delights me, and I would envelop me
In the terror of my tresses, that, by night,
Inviolable reptile, I might feel the white
And glimmering radiance of thy frozen
 fire,
Thou that art chaste and diest of desire,
White night of ice and of the cruel snow !

Eternal sister, my lone sister, lo
My dreams uplifted before thee ! now, apart,
So rare a crystal is my dreaming heart,
I live in a monotonous land alone,
And all about me lives but in mine own
Image, the idolatrous mirror of my pride,
Mirroring this Hérodiade diamond-eyed.
I am indeed alone, O charm and curse !

NURSE

O lady, would you die then ?

HÉRODIADE

No, poor nurse ;
Be calm, and leave me ; prithee, pardon me,
But, ere thou go, close to the casement ; see
How the seraphical blue in the dim glass
 smiles,
But I abhor the blue of the sky !

 Yet miles
On miles of rocking waves ! Know'st not a
 land
Where, in the pestilent sky, men see the hand
Of Venus, and her shadow in dark leaves ?
Thither I go.

 Light thou the wax that grieves
In the swift flame, and sheds an alien tear
Over the vain gold ; wilt not say in mere
Childishness ?

NURSE

Now ?

HÉRODIADE

Farewell. You lie, O flower
Of these chill lips !

I wait the unknown hour,
Or, deaf to your crying and that hour supreme,
Utter the lamentation of the dream
Of childhood seeing fall apart in sighs
The icy chaplet of its reveries.

II
SIGH

MY soul, calm sister, towards thy brow,
 whereon scarce grieves
An autumn strewn already with its russet
leaves,
And towards the wandering sky of thine
angelic eyes,
Mounts, as in melancholy gardens may arise
Some faithful fountain sighing whitely towards
the blue !
Towards the blue pale and pure that sad
October knew,
When, in those depths, it mirrored languors
infinite,
And agonising leaves upon the waters white,
Windily drifting, traced a furrow cold and dun,
Where, in one long last ray, lingered the
yellow sun.

III

SEA-WIND

THE flesh is sad, alas ! and all the books
are read.

Flight, only flight ! I feel that birds are wild
to tread

The floor of unknown foam, and to attain the
skies !

Nought, neither ancient gardens mirrored in
the eyes,

Shall hold this heart that bathes in waters its
delight,

O nights ! nor yet my waking lamp, whose
lonely light

Shadows the vacant paper, whiteness profits
best,

Nor the young wife who rocks her baby on
her breast.

I will depart ! O steamer, swaying rope and
spar,

Lift anchor for exotic lands that lie afar !

A weariness, outworn by cruel hopes, still
clings

To the last farewell handkerchief's last beckon-
ings !
And are not these, the masts inviting storms,
not these
That an awakening wind bends over wrecking
seas,
Lost, not a sail, a sail, a flowering isle, ere
long ?
But, O my heart, hear thou, hear thou the
sailors' song !

SOULS IN THE BALANCE

I

TO OUR LADY OF THE SEVEN SORROWS

LADY of the seven sorrows which are
love,
What sacrificial way
First led your feet to those remoter heights
Which, for the uttermost delights
Of martyrs and Love's saints, are set above
The stations of the passion of our day ?
Seven sorrows unto you has been desire
Since first your cheek grew pale,
And your astonished breath would fail,
And your eyes deepened into smouldering
fire ;
Seven sorrows from a child.
Nor has the soul which in you pants and rises
At any time been reconciled
With love and love's intolerable disguises.
In the child's morning-hour
You woke, and knew not the immortal power

Which in your ignorant veins was as the
breeze

Troubling the waters of a little lake
And crying in the nests among the trees.
Fear bid you, trembling, wake,
And listen to the voice which seemed to shake
Bewildering prophecies
Unto the empty audience of the air.
The child, grown older, heard that voice again,
Nor heard that voice in vain.
You smiled, with a new meaning in your eyes,
As of some new, delightful care
Which made you suddenly more wise,
Older, and to yourself more fair.
Then silence came about your lips, and laid
That tremulous shadow there,
Whereby the sorrows mark you for their own.
You woke and were afraid to be alone,
And full of some strange joy to be afraid.

First love, the hour it came,
You seemed to have remembered ; and you
knew
What a smoke-thwarted flame

Love's torch is, and the jewel of love's faith
How flawed, and by how many a name
The immortal comes to mortals, and how death
Is the first breath that love, made mortal, drew.
Therefore, not without tears,
And penitence, and a reluctant rapture,
All love's and not your lover's capture,
Not without sure, foreseeing fears
Of the unavoidable dedication of your years,
You entered on the way,
The way that was to be.

Mortal, and pitiful, yet immortally
Predestinate to that illustrious grief
Whose extreme anguish is its own relief,
Lady of the seven sorrows, who shall say
The ardours of that way ?
Men have looked up and seen you pass, and
bowed
Into the dust to kiss your weary feet ;
And you have passed, and they have cursed
aloud
With dusty mouths to find the dust not sweet.
You have passed by ; your eyes

Unalterably open in a dream,
Seeing alone the gleam
Of a far, mortal, azure paradise
Which your ecstatic fear is to attain.
Sometimes you linger, when men cry to you,
Linger as in a dream,
Linger in vain,
Having but shared, as they would have you do,
Some ecstasy of pain.

Therefore you shall be neither blessed nor
cursed,
But pardoned, for you know not what you do;
And of all punishments the worst
Of punishments for you is to be you.
Go, neither blessed nor cursed:
We, all we too who suffer of you, throng
To make a royal passage for your feet,
When, in a dream, ere long,
They shall go sorrowfully up the street.
You will pass by and not remember us,
We shall be strange as any last year's mirth;
It is not thus, so lightly, O not thus
You carry the seven sorrows of the earth.

II

STELLA MALIGNA

MY little slave !
Wouldst thou escape me ? Only in
the grave.

I will be poison to thee, honey-sweet,
And, my poison having tasted,
Thou shalt be delicately wasted,
Yet shalt thou live by that delicious death
Thou hast drunken from my breath,
Thou didst with my kisses eat.
I will be thy desire, and thou shalt flee me,
Thy enemy, and thou shalt seek :
My strength is to be weak,
And if through tears, not through thy tears,
thou see me,
Beware, for of my kisses if thou tire,
Not of my tears,
Not of my tears shalt thou put off desire
Before the end of years.

What wouldst thou of me, little slave ? my
heart ?

Nay, be content, here are mine arms around
thee,
Be thou content that I have found thee,
And that I shall not suffer thee depart.
Ask nothing more of me.
Have I not given thee more than thou canst
measure ?
Take thou thy fill of pleasure.
Exult that thou art mine : think what it is
To be without my kiss ;
Not to have known me is to know not love.
Think, to have known me not !
Heart may indeed from heart remove,
Body by body may not be forgot.
Thou hast been mine : ask nothing more of me :
My heart is not for thee.

Child, leave me then my heart ;
I hold it in a folded peace apart,
I hold it for mine own.
There, in the quietness of dreams, it broods
Above untroubled moods,
No man hath been so near me as to have
known.

The rest is thine : ah, take
The gift I have to give, my body, lent
For thy unsatisfied content,
For thy insatiable desire's compelling,
And let me for my pleasure make
For my own heart a lonely dwelling.
Thou wilt not ? Thou wilt summon sorrow
From morrow unto endless morrow ?
Thou wilt endure unto the uttermost ?
Ah ! little slave, my slave,
Thou shalt endure until desire be lost
In the achievement of the grave.
Thou shalt endure, and I, in dreams, behold,
Within my paradise of gold,
Thy heart's blood flowering for my peace ;
And thy passion shall release
The secret light that in the lily glows,
The miracle of the secret rose.

III
THE PALE WOMAN

I SPOKE to the pale and heavy-lidded
woman, and said :

O pale and heavy-lidded woman, why is your
cheek

Pale as the dead, and what are your eyes afraid
lest they speak ?

And the woman answered me : I am pale as
the dead,

For the dead have loved me, and I dream of
the dead.

But I see in the eyes of the living, as a living
fire,

The thing that my soul in triumph tells me I
have forgot ;

And therefore mine eyelids are heavy, and I
raise them not,

For always I see in the eyes of men the old
desire,

And I fear lest they see that I desire their desire.

IV
MATER LILIUM

IN the remembering hours of night,
When the fierce-hearted winds complain,
The trouble comes into my sight,
And the voices come again,
And the voices come again.

I see the tall white lilies bloom,
(Mother of lilies, pity me !)
The voice of lilies in the room
(Mother of lilies, pity me !)
Crying, crying silently.

The voice of lilies is your voice,
White lily of the world's desire ;
And yours, and yours the lily's choice,
To consume whitely, as by fire,
Flawless, flaming, fire in fire.

O lily of the world's despair,
And born to be the world's delight,
Is it enough to have been fair,

To have been pure, to have been white,
As a lily in God's sight ?

When the dark hours begin to wake,
And the unslackening winds go by,
There comes a trouble, for your sake :
O is it you, O is it I,
Crying the eternal cry ?

I see the phantom lilies wave,
I hear their voices calling me ;
O you, that are too pure to save,
Immaculate eternally,
Mother of lilies, pity me !

V
THE DOGS

MY desires are upon me like dogs, I beat
 them back,
Yet they yelp upon my track ;
And I know that my soul one day shall lie at
 their feet,
And my soul be these dogs' meat.

My soul walks robed in white where the saints
 sing psalms,
Among the lilies and palms,
Beholding the face of God through the radiant
 bars
Of the mystical gate of stars ;
The robes of my soul are whiter than snow,
 she sings
Praise of immortal things ;
Yet still she listens, still, in the night, she
 hears
The dogs' yelp in her ears.

O Most High ! I will pray, look down through
the seven
Passionate veils of heaven,
Out of eternal peace, where the world's
desire
Enfolds thee in veils of fire ;
Holy of Holies, the immaculate Lamb,
Behold me, the thing I am !
I, the redeemed of thy blood, the bought with
a price,
The reward of thy sacrifice,
I, who walk with thy saints in a robe of
white,
And who worship thee day and night,
Behold me, the thing I am, and do thou beat
back
These feet that burn on my track !

I have prayed, God has heard ; I have prayed
to him, he has heard ;
But he has not spoken a word ;
My soul walks robed in white among lilies and
palms,
And she hears the triumphing psalms ;

But louder than all, by day and by night, she
hears
The dogs' yelp in her ears ;
And I know that my soul one day shall lie at
their feet,
And my soul be these dogs' meat.

VI
SPONSA DEI

JESUS CHRIST, I have longed with my
whole heart for thee,
O come to me and be the bridegroom of thy
bride ;
In thy eternal presence give me to abide
Till mortal years have put on immortality.
O I have longed with an intolerable desire
For the indwelling ecstasy of the great breath,
For that immortal death which shall annihilate
death
And burn up hell with thy consuming kiss of
fire.
All night because of thee, Christ, I have lain
awake,
Night after night I have lain awake in my
white bed ;
The pillow is as seething fire beneath my head,
The sheets as swathing fire, all night, Christ,
for thy sake.
Night after night I have waited for thee, all
night long,

Mystical bridegroom of this flesh that pants to
close
The aching arms of love's desire in love's
repose
About thy conscious presence felt : O Lord,
how long ?
I have grown faint with over-much desire, and
pale
With vigils over-much, my flesh forsakes my
bones :
Suffering love of Christ, if that in thee
atones
For suffering sin in us, let not thy mercies
fail;
For I have suffered, Lord, upon thy very
cross,
I bear upon my brow, my hands, my feet, my
side,
The burning wounds thou didst endure when
crucified,
And for this gain I do account all things but
loss.
Jesus Christ, I have waited for thy coming :
come !

Possess this waiting body no man hath
possessed ;
Let me but feel thy kiss of fire upon my
breast
Lick up the dust of this consuming martyr-
dom !

VII
ROSA FLAMMEA

BEAUTIFUL demon, O veil those eyes
of fire,
Cover your breasts that are whiter than milk,
and ruddy
With dewy buds of the magical rose, your
body,
Veil your lips from the shining of my desire !
As a rose growing up from hell you waver
before me,
Shaking an odorous breath that is fire within ;
The Lord Christ may not pardon me this sweet
sin,
But the scent of the rose that is rooted in hell
steals o'er me.
O Lord Christ, I am lost, I am lost, I am lost !
Her eyes are as stars in a pool and their spell is
on me ;
She lifts her unsearchable lids, chill fire is upon
me,
It shudders through every vein, and my brain
is tossed

As the leaves of a tree when the wind coils
under and over ;

She smiles, and I hear the heart beat in my
side ;

She lifts her hands, and I swirl in a clutching
tide ;

But shall my soul not burn in flame if I love
her ?

She shall veil those eyes, those lips, ah ! that
breast.

Demon seeking my soul, I do adjure thee,
In the name of him for whose tempted sake I
endure thee,

Trouble my sight no more : lost soul, be at
rest !

She smiles, and the air grows into a mist of
spices,

Frankincense, cinnamon, labdanum, and myrrh
Rise in sweet smoke about the feet of her
Before whom the sweets of the world are as
sacrifices.

Cinnamon, frankincense, labdanum, and myrrh
Smoke in the air, the fume of them closes
round me ;

Help, ere the waves of the flood of odours have
drowned me,
Help, ere it be too late ! There has no help
come,
And I feel that the rose of the pit begins to
blossom
Into the likeness of a lost soul on fire,
And the soul that was mine is emptied of all
but desire
Of the rose of her lips and the roses of her
bosom.
Ah ! she smiles the great smile, the immortal
shame :
Her mouth to my mouth, though hell be the
price hereafter ! . . .
I hear in the whirling winds her windy laughter,
And my soul for this shall whirl in the winds
of flame.

VIII
LAUS VIRGINITATIS

THE mirror of men's eyes delights me
less,
O mirror, than the friend I find in thee ;
Thou lovest, as I love, my loveliness,
Thou givest my beauty back to me.

I to myself suffice ; why should I tire
The heart with roaming that would rest at
home ?
Myself the limit to my own desire,
I have no desire to roam.

I hear the maidens crying in the hills :
“Come up among the bleak and perilous ways,
Come up and follow after Love, who fills
The hollows of our nights and days ;

“Love the deliverer, who is desolate,
And saves from desolation ; the divine
Out of great suffering ; Love, compassionate,
Who is thy bread and wine,

“ O soul, that faints in following after him.”
I hear ; but what is Love that I should tread
Hard ways among the perilous passes dim,
Who need no succouring wine and bread ?

Enough it is to dream, enough to abide
Here where the loud world's echoes fall remote,
Untroubled, unawakened, satisfied ;
As water-lilies float

Lonely upon a shadow-sheltered pool,
Dreaming of their own whiteness ; even so,
I dwell within a nest of shadows cool,
And watch the vague hours come and go.

They come and go, but I my own delight
Remain, and I desire no change in aught :
Might I escape indifferent Time's despite,
That ruins all he wrought !

This dainty body formed so curiously,
So delicately and wonderfully made,
Mine own, that none hath ever shared with me,
Mine own, and for myself arrayed ;

All this that I have loved and not another,
My one desire's delight, this, shall Time bring
Where Beauty hath the abhorred worm for
 brother,
The dust for covering ?

At least I bear it virgin to the grave,
Pure, and apart, and rare, and casketed ;
What, living, was mine own and no man's
 slave,
Shall be mine own when I am dead.

But thou, my friend, my mirror, dost possess
The shadow of myself that smiles in thee,
And thou dost give, with thine own loveliness,
My beauty back to me.

IX
THE RAPTURE

I DRANK your flesh, and when the soul
 brimmed up
In that sufficing cup,
Then, slowly, steadfastly, I drank your soul ;
Thus I possessed you whole ;
And then I saw you, white, and vague, and
 warm,
And happy, as that storm
Enveloped you in its delirious peace,
And fearing but release,
Perfectly glad to be so lost and found,
And without wonder drowned
In little shuddering quick waves of bliss ;
Then I, beholding this
More wonderingly than a little lake
That the white moon should make
Her nest among its waters, being free
Of the whole land and sea,
Remembered, in that utmost pause, that heaven
Is to each angel given
As wholly as to Michael or the Lord,

And of the saints' reward
There is no first or last, supreme delight
Being one and infinite.
Then I was quieted, and had no fear
That such a thing, so dear
And so incredible, being thus divine,
Should be, and should be mine,
And should not suddenly vanish away.
Now, as the lonely day
Forgets the night, and calls the world from
dreams,
This, too, with daylight, seems
A thing that might be dreaming ; for my soul
Seems to possess you whole,
And every nerve remembers : can it be
This young delight is old as memory ?

X
TO A GITANA DANCING
(SEVILLE)

BECAUSE you are fair as souls of the lost
are fair,
And your eyelids laugh with desire, and your
laughing feet
Are winged with desire, and your hands are
wanton, and sweet
Is the promise of love in your lips, and the rose
in your hair
Sweet, unfaded, a promise sweet to be
sought,
And the maze you tread is as old as the world
is old,
Therefore you hold me, body and soul, in your
hold,
And time, as you dance, is not, and the world
is as nought.
You dance, and I know the desire of all flesh,
and the pain
Of all longing of body for body ; you beckon,
repel,

Entreat, and entice, and bewilder, and build
up the spell,
Link by link, with deliberate steps, of a flower-
soft chain.
You laugh, and I know the despair, and you
smile, and I know
The delight of your love, and the flower in
your hair is a star.
It brightens, I follow ; it fades, and I see it afar ;
You pause : I awake ; have I dreamt ? was it
longer ago
Than a dream that I saw you smile ? for you
turn, you turn,
As a startled beast in the toils : it is you that
entreat,
Desperate, hating the coils that have fastened
your feet,
The desire you desired that has come ; and
your lips now yearn,
And your hands now ache, and your feet faint
for love.
Longing has taken hold even on you,
You, the witch of desire ; and you pause, and
anew

Your stillness moves, and you pause, and your
hands move.

Time, as you dance, is as nought, and the
moments seem

Swift as eternity ; time is at end, for you close
Eyes and lips and hands in sudden repose ;

You smile : was it all no longer ago than a
dream ?

FROM THE "ANTIGONE" OF
SOPHOCLES

CHORUS OF OLD MEN

EROS invincible,
Eros, that ravishest the spoils of men,
That keepest watch upon the maiden's cheek,
Roaming the seas and among pastoral folk !
Thee none of the immortals can escape,
And none of mortals living but a day,
And he that finds thee presently goes mad.

Thou turnest just men's thoughts to thoughts
of wrong,
And kinsman against kinsman dost set up.
The clear light of a lovely woman's eyes
Rules, and outmasters the eternal laws.
Unconquerable Aphrodite laughs at all.
And I too am now hurried beyond the
bounds,
Nor can I stay the sources of my tears,
Seeing towards the bride-bed that gives rest to
all
Advance Antigone.

ANTIGONE

See me, O citizens of my fatherland,
Set forth on my last way, and look my last
Upon the sunlight I shall see no more.
For Hades, that gives rest to all, now leads
Me living to the shores of Acheron,
Unwedded ; nor shall any sing for me
The bride-song, being bride to Acheron.

CHORUS

Illustrious thou, and with praise,
Goest toward the secret places of the dead,
Not wasted with a sickness, finding not
The wages of the sword, but willingly,
Sole among mortals, unto Hades living.

ANTIGONE

Yet I have heard, of old,
Of that sad ending of the Phrygian guest,
Tantalus' daughter, upon Sipyle ;
How the stone sprouted to envelop her
Like tightening ivy ; and the rains, men say,
Cease not about her, wasting, nor the snows
Cease ever, but her weeping eyelids bathe

Her neck in tears. Me too, most like to her,
A God shall put to sleep.

CHORUS

She was a goddess and the child of gods,
And we are mortals and the seed of mortals;
Yet is it glorious, dying, to have endured
A fate so godlike, living and in death.

ANTIGONE

Ah me, they mock me! By my fathers' gods,
Why do ye taunt me ere I be yet gone
Out of your sight? O city, and ye her sons
Mighty in wealth, and thou, O fount of
Dirce,
And grove of many-charioted Thebes,
Ye, ye at least, be witnesses for me,
How, all unwept of friends, and by what laws,
I go to find a stony prison indeed
In this unparalleled tomb. Ah, hapless one,
Homeless among the living and the dead!

ON AN AIR OF RAMEAU

To Arnold Dolmetsch

A MELANCHOLY desire of ancient
things

Floats like a faded perfume out of the wires;
Pallid lovers, what unforgotten desires,
Whispered once, are retold in your
whisperings?

Roses, roses, and lilies with hearts of gold,
These you plucked for her, these she wore in
her breast;
Only Rameau's music remembers the rest,
The death of roses over a heart grown cold.

But these sighs? Can ghosts then sigh from
the tomb?
Life then wept for you, sighed for you, chilled
your breath?
It is the melancholy of ancient death
The harpsichord dreams of, sighing in the
room.

AIRS FOR THE LUTE

To Madame Élodie Dolmetsch

I

WHEN the sobbing lute complains,
Grieving for an ancient sorrow,
This poor sorrow that remains
Fain would borrow,
To give pleading unto sorrow,
Those uncapturable strains.

All, that hands upon the lute
Helped the voices to declare,
Voices mute
But for this, might I not share,
If, alas, I could but suit
Hand and voice unto the lute?

II

IF time so sweetly
On true according viols make
Her own completely
The lawless laws of turn and shake;

How should I doubt then
Love, being tuned unto your mood,
Should bring about then
True time and measure of your blood?

III

WHY are you sorrowful in dreams ?
I am sad in the night ;
The hours till morning are white,
I hear the hours' flight
All night in dreams.

Why do you send me your dreams ?
For an old love's sake ;
I dream if I sleep or wake,
And shall but one heart ache,
For the sake of dreams ?

Pray that we sleep without dreams !
Ah, love, the only way
To put sorrow away,
Night or day, night or day,
From the way of dreams !

IV

STRANGE, to remember tears !
Yet I know that I wept ;
And those hopes and those fears,
Strange, were as real as tears !

What's this delicate pain,
Twilight-coloured and grey ?
Odour-like through my brain
Steals a shadowy pain.

What's this joy in the air ?
Musical as the leaves,
When the white winds are there,
Faint joy breathes in the air.

MODERN BEAUTY

I AM the torch, she saith, and what to
me

If the moth die of me? I am the flame
Of Beauty, and I burn that all may see
Beauty, and I have neither joy nor shame,
But live with that clear life of perfect fire
Which is to men the death of their desire.

I am Yseult and Helen, I have seen
Troy burn, and the most loving knight lie
dead.

The world has been my mirror, time has
been

My breath upon the glass; and men have
said,

Age after age, in rapture and despair,
Love's poor few words, before mine image
there.

I live, and am immortal; in mine eyes
The sorrow of the world, and on my lips
The joy of life, mingle to make me wise;

Yet now the day is darkened with eclipse ;
Who is there lives for beauty? Still
am I
The torch, but where's the moth that still
dares die ?

FROM SAN JUAN DE LA CRUZ

I

THE OBSCURE NIGHT OF THE SOUL

UPON an obscure night,
Fevered with love in love's anxiety,
(O hapless-happy plight !)
I went, none seeing me,
Forth from my house where all things quiet be.

By night, secure from sight,
And by the secret stair, disguisedly,
(O hapless-happy plight !)
By night, and privily,
Forth from my house where all things quiet be.

Blest night of wandering,
In secret, where by none might I be spied,
Nor I see anything ;
Without a light or guide,
Save that which in my heart burnt in my
side.

That light did lead me on,
More surely than the shining of noontide,
Where well I knew that one
Did for my coming bide ;
Where he abode might none but he abide.

O night that didst lead thus,
O night more lovely than the dawn of light,
O night that broughtest us,
Lover to lover's sight,
Lover with loved in marriage of delight !

Upon my flowery breast,
Wholly for him, and save himself for none,
There did I give sweet rest
To my beloved one ;
The fanning of the cedars breathed thereon.

When the first moving air
Blew from the tower, and waved his locks aside.
His hand, with gentle care,
Did wound me in the side,
And in my body all my senses died.

All things I then forgot,
My cheek on him who for my coming came;
All ceased, and I was not,
Leaving my cares and shame
Among the lilies, and forgetting them.

II

O FLAME OF LIVING LOVE

O FLAME of living love,
That dost eternally
Pierce through my soul with so consuming
heat,
Since there's no help above,
Make thou an end of me,
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal !
O more than pleasant wound !
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,
That dost new life reveal,
That dost in grace abound,
And, slaying, dost from death to life translate !

O lamps of fire that shined
With so intense a light,
That those deep caverns where the senses live,
Which were obscure and blind,
Now with strange glories bright,
Both heat and light to his beloved give !

With how benign intent
Rememberest thou my breast,
Where thou alone abidest secretly ;
And in thy sweet ascent,
With glory and good possessed,
How delicately thou teachest love to me !

FROM SANTA TERESA

I

IF, Lord, thy love for me is strong
As this which binds me unto thee,
What holds me from thee, Lord, so long,
What holds thee, Lord, so long from me ?

O soul, what then desirest thou ?
—Lord, I would see thee, who thus choose
thee.
What fears can yet assail thee now ?
—All that I fear is but to lose thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,
Lord, make my soul thine own abode,
And I will build a nest so sweet
It may not be too poor for God.

A soul in God hidden from sin,
What more desires for thee remain,
Save but to love, and love again,
And, all on flame with love within,
Love on, and turn to love again ?

II

LET mine eyes see thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see thee,
And then see death.

Let them see that care
Roses and jessamine ;
Seeing thy face most fair,
All blossoms are therein.
Flower of seraphin,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see thee,
And then see death.

Nothing I require
Where my Jesus is ;
Anguish all desire,
Saving only this ;
All my help is his,
He only succoureth.
Let mine eyes see thee,
Sweet Jesus of Nazareth,
Let mine eyes see thee,
And then see death.

III

SHEPHERD, shepherd, hark that calling !
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

What is this ding-dong,
Or loud singing is it ?
Come, Bras, now the day is here,
The shepherdess we'll visit.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling !
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

O is this the Alcalde's daughter,
Or some lady come from far ?
She is the daughter of God the Father,
And she shines like a star.
Shepherd, shepherd, hark that calling !
Angels they are, and the day is dawning.

IV

TO-DAY a shepherd and our kin,
O Gil, to ransom us is sent,
And he is God Omnipotent.

For us hath he cast down the pride
And prison walls of Satanas ;
But he is of the kin of Bras,
Of Menga, also of Llorent.
O is not God Omnipotent ?

If he is God, how then is he
Come hither, and here crucified ?
—With his dying sin also died,
Enduring death the innocent.
Gil, how is God Omnipotent !

Why, I have seen him born, pardie,
And of a most sweet shepherdess.
—If he is God, how can he be
With such poor folk as these content ?
—Seest not he is Omnipotent ?

Give over idle parleying,
And let us serve him, you and I,
And since he came on earth to die,
Let us die with him too, Llorent ;
For he is God Omnipotent.

LAUS MORTIS

I BRING to thee, for love, white roses,
delicate Death !

White lilies of the valley, dropping gentle
tears,

The white camellia, the seal of perfect
years,

The misty white azalea, flickering as a
breath.

White flowers I bring, and all the flowers I
bring for thee,

Discreet and comforting Death ! for those
pale hands of thine ;

O hands that I have fled, soft hands now laid
on mine,

Softer than these white flowers of life, thy
hands to me,

Most comfortable Death, mother of many
dreams,

And gatherer of many dreams of men,

Dreams that come desolately flying back again,

With soiled and quivering wings, from undis-
covered streams.

I have been fearful of thee, mother, all life
long,
For I have loved a warm, alluring, treacherous
bride,
Life, and she loved thee not ; to hold me from
thy side,
She closed her arms about my heart, to do thee
wrong.
O gay and bitter bride of such divine desires,
Too fiercely passionate Life, that wast so
prodigal
Of thine eternal moments, at the end of all
Take my forgiveness : I have passed through
all thy fires.
Nothing can hurt me now, and having gained
and lost
All things, and having loved, and having done
with life,
I come back to thy arms, mother, and now all
strife
Ceases ; and every homeward-flying dream,
wind-tossed,
My soul that looks upon thy face and under-
stands,

My throbbing heart that at thy touch is
quieted,
And all that once desired, and all desire now
dead,
Are gathered to the peace and twilight of thy
hands.

TO NIGHT

I HAVE loved wind and light,
And the bright sea,
But, holy and most secret Night,
Not as I love and have loved thee.

God, like all highest things,
Hides light in shade,
And in the night his visitings
To sleep and dreams are clearliest made.

Love, that knows all things well,
Loves the night best ;
Joys whereof daylight dares not tell
Are his, and the diviner rest.

And Life, whom day shows plain
His prison-bars,
Feels the close walls and the hard chain
Fade when the darkness brings the stars.

AT TARRAGONA

IF I could know but when and why
This piece of thoughtless dust
begins
To think, and straightway I am I,
And these bright hopes and these brave
sins,
That have been freer than the air,
Circle their freedom with my span ;
If I could know but why this care
Is mine and not the care of man ;
Why, thus unwilling, I rejoice,
And will the good I do not do,
And with the same particular voice
Speak the old folly and the new ;
If I could know, seeing my soul
A white ship with a bending sail,
Rudderless, and without a goal,
Fly seaward, humble to the gale,
Why, knowing not from whence I
came,
Nor why I seek I know not what,
I bear this heavy, separate name,

While winds and waters bear it not ;
And why the unlimited earth delights
In life, not knowing breath from breath,
While I, that count my days and nights,
Fear thought in life, and life in death.

AT TOLEDO

THE little stones chuckle among the
fields:

"We are so small: God will not think
of us;

We are so old already, we have seen
So many generations blunt their ploughs,
Tilling the fields we lie in; and we dream
Of our first sleep among the ancient hills."

The grass laughs, thinking: "I am born
and die,

And born and die, and know not birth or
death,

Only the going on of the green earth."

The rivers pass and pass, and are the same,
And I, who see the beauty of the world,
Pass, and am not the same, or know it
not,

And know the world no more. O is not
this

Some horrible conspiracy of things,
That I have known and loved and lingered
with

All my days through, and now they turn like
hosts

Who have grown tired of a delaying guest?

They cast me out from their eternity:

God is in league with their forgetfulness.

OLD AGE

IT may be, when this city of the nine gates
Is broken down by ruinous old age,
And no one upon any pilgrimage
Comes knocking, no one for an audience
waits,
And no bright foraging troop of bandit moods
Rides out on the brave folly of any guest,
But weariness, the restless shadow of rest,
Hoveringly upon the city broods ;
It may be, then, that those remembering
And sleepless watchers on the crumbling
towers
Shall lose the count of the disastrous hours
Which God may have grown tired of
reckoning.

OPALS

MY soul is like this cloudy, flaming opal
ring.

The fields of earth are in it, green and glimmering,

The waves of the blue sky, night's purple
flower of noon,

The vanishing cold scintillations of the moon,
And the red heart that is a flame within a
flame.

And as the opal dies, and is re-born the same,
And all the fire that is its life-blood seems to
dart

Through the veined variable intricacies of its
heart,

And ever wandering ever wanders back again,
So must my swift soul constant to itself
remain.

Opal, have I not been as variable as you?

But, cloudy opal flaming green and red and
blue,

Are you not ever constant in your varying,
Even as my soul, O captive opal of my ring?

RUBIES

THERE are nine rubies in this Indian
ring,

And every blood-red ruby is a part
Of the nine-petalled rose that is my heart,
The elaborate rose of my own fashioning.
Not out of any garden have I sought
The rose that is more brief than dawn or dew:
Stones of the flame and ice, I find in you
The image of the heart that I have wrought.
For you are cold and burn as though with fire,
For you are hard, yet veil soft depths below,
And each divided ruby seems to glow
With the brief passion of its own desire.
Rose of my heart, shall this too be the same?
For, when one light catches the wandering
rays,

They rush together in one consuming blaze
Of indivisible and ecstatic flame.

DEGREES OF LOVE

WHEN your eyes opened to mine eyes,
Without desire, without surprise,
I knew your soul awoke to see
All, dreams foretold, but could not be,
Yet loving love, not loving me.

When your eyes drooped before mine eyes,
As though some secret made them wise,
Some wisdom veiled them secretly,
I knew your heart began to be
In love with love, in love with me.

When your eyes tawned against mine eyes,
With beaten hunger, and with cries,
In bitter pride's humility,
Love, wholly mine, had come to be
Hatred of love for loving me.

THE PRICE

PITY all faithless women who have loved
None knows
How much it hurts a woman to do wrong to
love.
The mother who has felt the child within her
move,
Shall she forget her child, and those ecstatic
throes?

Then pity faithless women who have loved.
These have
Murdered within them something born out of
their pain.
These mothers of the child whom they have
loved and slain
May not so much as lay the child within a
grave.

AN ENDING

I WILL go my ways from the city, and
then, maybe,

My heart shall forget one woman's voice, and
her lips ;

I will arise, and set my face to the sea,
Among stranger-folk and in the wandering ships.

The world is great, and the bounds of it who
shall set ?

It may be I shall find, somewhere in the world
I shall find,

A land that my feet may abide in ; then I shall
forget

The woman I loved, and the years that are
left behind.

But, if the ends of the world are not wide
enough

To out-weary my heart, and to find for my
heart some fold,

I will go back to the city, and her I love,
And look on her face, and remember the days
of old.

IN IRELAND

I

ON INISHMAAN

(ISLES OF ARAN)

IN the twilight of the year,
Here, about these twilight ways,
When the grey moth night drew near,
Fluttering on a faint flying,
I would linger out the day's
Delicate and moth-grey dying.

Grey, and faint with sleep, the sea
Should enfold me, and release,
Some old peace to dwell with me.
I would quiet the long crying
Of my heart with mournful peace,
The grey sea's, in its low sighing.

II
BY THE POOL AT THE THIRD
ROSSES

I HEARD the sighing of the reeds
In the grey pool in the green land,
The sea-wind in the long reeds sighing
Between the green hill and the sand.

I heard the sighing of the reeds
Day after day, night after night ;
I heard the whirring wild ducks flying,
I saw the sea-gull's wheeling flight.

I heard the sighing of the reeds
Night after night, day after day,
And I forgot old age, and dying,
And youth that loves, and love's decay.

I heard the sighing of the reeds
At noontide and at evening,
And some old dream I had forgotten
I seemed to be remembering.

I hear the sighing of the reeds :
Is it in vain, is it in vain
That some old peace I had forgotten
Is crying to come back again ?

III
BY LOUGH-NA-GAR
(RAIN)

INTO a land of wandering rain
I have fled from a voice that follows me
still

To the lonely cabin under the hill ;
It cries to me out of the windless rain,
And at night I hear it crying again.

All day the rain is on the lake,
All night the rain drips from the thatch ;
I stand at the cabin door and watch
The drifting rain beat on the lake,
And the foam-white ripples gather and break.

The woods are veiled with the rains all day,
The woods crouch under the rains all night,
And the rainy torrents cry from the height ;
I hear in the rain, night and day,
A voice crying from far away.

IV
BY LOUGH-NA-GAR
(GREEN LIGHT)

THE light of the world is of gold,
But the light of the green earth fills
The nestling heart of the hills ;
And the world's hours are old,
And the world's thoughts are a dream,
Here, in the ancient place
Of peace, where old sorrows seem
As the half-forgotten face
Of flower-bright cities of gold .
That blossom beyond the height
Seems in the earth-green light
That is old as the earth is old.

V

IN THE WOOD OF FINVARA

I HAVE grown tired of sorrow and human
tears ;
Life is a dream in the night, a fear among
fears,
A naked runner lost in a storm of spears.

I have grown tired of rapture and love's desire ;
Love is a flaming heart, and its flames aspire
Till they cloud the soul in the smoke of a
windy fire.

I would wash the dust of the world in a soft
green flood :
Here, between sea and sea, in the fairy wood,
I have found a delicate, wave-green solitude.

Here, in the fairy wood, between sea and sea,
I have heard the song of a fairy bird in a tree,
And the peace that is not in the world has
flown to me.

SPAIN

To Josefa

JOSEFA, when you sing,
With clapping hands, the sorrows of
your Spain,
And all the bright-shawled ring
Laugh and clap hands again,
I think how all the sorrows were in vain.

The footlights flicker and spire
In tongues of flame before your tiny feet,
My warm-eyed gipsy, higher,
And in your eyes they meet
More than their light, more than their golden
heat.

You sing of Spain, and all
Clap hands for Spain and you, and for the
song ;
One dances, and the hall
Rings like a beaten gong
With louder-handed clamours of the throng.

Spain, that with dancing mirth
Tripped lightly to the precipice, and fell
Until she felt the earth,
Suddenly, and knew well
That to have fallen through dreams is to touch
hell ;

Spain, brilliantly arrayed,
Decked for disaster, on disaster hurled,
Here, as in masquerade,
Mimes, to amuse the world,
Her ruin, a dancer rouged and draped and
curled.

Mother of chivalry,
Mother of many sorrows borne for God,
Spain of the saints, is she
A slave beneath the rod,
A merry slave, and in her own abode ?

She, who once found, has lost
A world beyond the waters, and she stands
Paying the priceless cost,
Lightly, with lives for lands,
Flowers in her hair, castanets in her hands.

VENETIAN NIGHT

HER eyes in the darkness shone, in the
twilight shed

By the gondola bent like the darkness over her
head.

Softly the gondola rocked, lights came and
went ;

A white glove shone as her black fan lifted and
leant

Where the silk of her dress, the blue of a
bittern's wing,

Rustled against my knee, and, murmuring

The sweet slow hesitant English of a child,

Her voice was articulate laughter, her soul
smiled.

Softly the gondola rocked, lights came and
went ;

From the sleeping houses a shadow of slumber
leant

Over our heads like a wing, and the dim
lagoon,

Rustling with silence, slumbered under the
moon.

Softly the gondola rocked, and a pale light came
Over the waters, mild as a silver flame ;
She lay back, thrilling with smiles, in the twi-
light shed
By the gondola bent like the darkness over her
head ;
I saw her eyes shine subtly, then close awhile :
I remember her silence, and, in the night, her
smile.

DREAMS IN ROME

WHAT is it that sings a sleepy tune in
my head ?

Some faint old unforgotten moon that is dead ?
I will arise, for the dreams are about my bed.

O is it in vain, is it in vain I have come ?
Dark was the road in coming, and white the
foam.

Is there no rest for me here ? are there dreams
in Rome ?

PALM SUNDAY (NAPLES)

BECAUSE it is the day of Palms,
Carry a palm for me,
Carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
And I will watch the sea ;
There are no palms in Santa Chiara
To-day or any day for me.

I sit and watch the little sail
Lean side-ways on the sea,
The sea is blue from here to Sorrento,
And the sea-wind comes to me,
And I see the white clouds lift from Sorrento
And the dark sail lean upon the sea.

I have grown tired of all these things,
And what is left for me ?
I have no place in Santa Chiara,
There is no peace upon the sea ;
But carry a palm in Santa Chiara,
Carry a palm for me.



THE COMING OF SPRING (MADRID)

SPRING is come back, and the little voices
are calling,
The birds are calling, the little green buds on
the trees,
A song in the street, and an old and sleepy
tune ;
All the sounds of the spring are falling,
falling,
Gentle as rain, on my heart, and I hear all
these
As a sick man hears men talk from the heart
of a swoon.

The clamours of spring are the same old
delicate noises,
The earth renews its magical youth at a
breath,
And the whole world whispers a well-known,
secret thing ;
And I hear, but the meaning has faded out of
the voices ;

Something has died in my heart : is it death or
sleep ?

I know not, but I have forgotten the meaning
of spring.

SEPTEMBER IDYL (IN THE HAM-
MOCK : CHAMÉANE)

A SKY of green and gold, tremulous,
delicate,
Starred with pale blue, and bright with little
voices ; wind
Lifting the golden outer fringe, autumn has
thinned ;
A yellow leaf drops rustling, and another : wait,
The leaves begin to whisper, and the voices
cease :
I hear the silence ; but a voice flutters again,
A little, fluting voice, soft, piercing, as the
rain ;
I close mine eyes, and all my body sways with
peace.
• Delicate, tremulous, seen under eyelids closed,
The sky of green and gold sways over me, and
seems
To fill the languid soul with the desire of
dreams ;
But the sky fades, and only inner eyelids,
rosed

With filtered sunlight falling, shadow as they
pass
Not even dreams ; until a trailing hand per-
ceives,
Sudden, the earth again, in the crisp touch of
leaves,
And the arresting slender fingers of the grass.



HASCHISCH

BEHIND the door, beyond the light,
Who is it waits there in the night ?
When he has entered he will stand,
Imposing with his silent hand
Some silent thing upon the night.

Behold the image of my fear.
O rise not, move not, come not near !
That moment, when you turned your face,
A demon seemed to leap through space ;
His gesture strangled me with fear.

And yet I am the lord of all,
And this brave world magnificent,
Veiled in so variable a mist
It may be rose or amethyst,
Demands me for the lord of all !

Who said the world is but a mood
In the eternal thought of God ?
I know it, real though it seem,
The phantom of a haschisch dream
In that insomnia which is God.

PARSIFAL

ROSE of the garden's roses, what pale wind
Has scattered those flushed petals in an
hour,
And the close leaves of all the alleys thinned,
What re-awakening wind,
O sad enchantress banished to a flower ?

Parsifal has out-blushed the roses : dead
Is all the garden of the world's delight,
And every rose of joy has drooped its head,
And for sweet shame is dead ;
Sweet joy being shameful in the pure fool's
sight.

FROM "LA VIDA ES SUEÑO" OF
CALDERON

WE live, while we see the sun,
Where life and dreams are as one ;
And living has taught me this,
Man dreams the life that is his,
Until his living is done.
The King dreams he is King, and he lives
In the deceit of a King,
Commanding and governing ;
And all the praise he receives
Is written in wind, and leaves
A little dust on the way
When death ends all with a breath.
Where then is the gain of a throne,
That shall perish and not be known
In the other dream that is death?
Dreams the rich man of riches and fears,
The fears that his riches breed ;
The poor man dreams of his need,
And all his sorrows and tears ;
Dreams he that prospers with years,
Dreams he that feigns and foregoes,

Dreams he that rails on his foes ;
And in all the world, I see,
Man dreams whatever he be,
And his own dream no man knows.
And I too dream, and behold,
I dream I am bound with chains,
And I dreamed that these present pains
Were fortunate ways of old.
What is life ? a tale that is told ;
What is life ? a frenzy extreme,
A shadow of things that seem ;
And the greatest good is but small,
That all life is a dream to all,
And that dreams themselves are a dream.

THE LAST MEMORY

WHEN I am old, and think of the
old days,

And warm my hands before a little blaze,
Having forgotten love, hope, fear, desire,
I shall see, smiling out of the pale fire,
One face, mysterious and exquisite ;
And I shall gaze, and ponder over it,
Wondering, was it Leonardo wrought
That stealthy ardency, where passionate
thought

Burns inward, a revealing flame, and glows
To the last ecstasy, which is repose ?
Was it Bronzino, those Borghese eyes ?
And, musing thus among my memories,
O unforgotten ! you will come to seem,
As pictures do, remembered, some old
dream.

And I shall think of you as something
strange,

And beautiful, and full of helpless change,
Which I beheld and carried in my heart ;
But you, I loved, will have become a part

Of the eternal mystery, and love
Like a dim pain ; and I shall bend above
My little fire, and shiver, being cold,
When you are no more young, and I am
old.

TOYS

I HAVE laid you away as we lay
The toys of a little dead child,
You know you are safe in my heart ;
You know I have set you apart
In my heart, and hid you away,
Because joy that prattled and smiled
In the heart becomes grief to the heart,
Laying its youth away
With the toys of a little dead child.

PERFECT GRIEF

THE wandering, wise, outcast sons
Of Pharaoh, the dark roofless ones,
Taught me this wisdom : If Death come,
And take thy dear one, be thou dumb,
Nor gratify with suppliant breath
The attentive insolence of Death.
Suffer thy dear one to depart
In silence ; silent in thy heart,
From this forth, be thy dear one's name.
So I, that would not put to shame
So dear a memory dead, repeat
No more the sweet name once too sweet,
Nor, from that buried name, remove
The haughty silence of my love.

THE DREAM

O IF the world I make
With these eyes be a dream,
And Love, that is life, but seem
To choose a shade from a shade,
Then let me wake !
I have loved, not Love, but a pale,
Mortal woman, and made
The whole world for her sake ;
Let the sight of mine eyes fail,
And the whole world fade :
I have dreamed : let me wake !

WEARINESS

I

THERE are grey hours when I drink of
indifference ; all things fade
Into the grey of a twilight that covers my
soul with its sky ;
Scarcely I know that this shade is the world,
or this burden is I ;
And life, and art, and love, and death, are the
shades of a shade.

Then, in those hours, I hear old voices murmur
aloud,
And memory tires of the hopelessly hoping
desire, her regret ;
I hear the remembering voices, and I forget to
forget ;
The world as a cloud drifts by, or I drift by as
a cloud.

II

I am weary at heart, yet not weary with
sorrow, nor weary with pain :
I would that an eager sorrow returned to me
out of the deep ;
I could fold my hands in the morning, lie
down on my bed again :
O Sorrow, angel of Joy, re-awaken my heart
from its sleep !

I am wearier than the old, when they sit and
smile in the sun,
Dreaming of sorrowful things, grown happy
and dim to their sight ;
But I dream in the morning, my daylight is
over, my day's work done :
I am old at heart, for my sorrow is sleepy,
and nods before night.

WIND ON THE SEA

THE loneliness of the sea is in my heart,
And the wind is not more lonely than
this grey mind.

I have thought far thoughts, I have loved, I
have loved, and I find
Love gone, thought weary, and I, alas, left
behind.

The loneliness of my heart is in the sea,
And my mind is not more lonely than this
grey wind.

Who shall stay the feet of the sea, or bind
The wings of the wind? only the feet of
mankind

Grow old in the place of their sorrow, and
bitter is the heart

That may not wander as the wind or return as
the sea.

A TUNE

A FOOLISH rhythm turns in my idle
head

As a wind-mill turns in the wind on an empty
sky.

Why is it when love, which men call death-
less, is dead,

That memory, men call fugitive, will not die ?
Is love not dead ? yet I hear that tune if I lie
Dreaming awake in the night on my lonely
bed,

And an old thought turns with the old tune in
my head

As a wind-mill turns in the wind on an empty
sky.

THE ONE FACE

FAIR faces come again,
As at sunseting
The stars without number ;
Or as dreams dreamed in vain
To a heart forgetting
Come back with slumber.

Love covered both mine eyes
In a sweet twilight
With his two hands folded ;
Foolish to be most wise,
In the light of thy light
See as my soul did !

O Love, that, seeing all,
Sweetly dost cover
The eyes of thy loved ones,
Let me no more recall
The dim hours over
And the one face loved once !

But, having long been blind,
To behold those graces
I have lost with love now,
Let me behold and find
If all fair faces
In the world are enough now !

THE LAST PITY

NOW I have seen your face,
My tears are all for you.
Where are the lonely grace,
The pride, the lovely ways I knew?

The flower that blossomed fair
When winds and clouds arrayed
The shadows of the air,
Plucked, though with jealous care, must fade.

And in your wintry eyes,
With re-awakenings moved
A moment, I surprise
Nostalgia of the skies they loved.

Old sorrows I have borne
In patience for your sake,
Not without help of scorn :
From dreams, now twice forlorn, I wake.

I hear the old sorrows call,
Now, from your heart alone ;
And scorn's relief recall
With pity which is all your own.

WANDERER'S SONG

I HAVE had enough of women, and enough
of love,
But the land waits, and the sea waits, and day
and night is enough ;
Give me a long white road, and the grey wide
path of the sea,
And the wind's will and the bird's will, and the
heart-ache still in me.

Why should I seek out sorrow, and give gold
for strife ?
I have loved much and wept much, but tears
and love are not life ;
The grass calls to my heart, and the foam to
my blood cries up,
And the sun shines and the road shines, and the
wine's in the cup.

I have had enough of wisdom, and enough of
mirth,
For the way's one and the end's one, and it's
soon to the ends of the earth ;

And it's then good-night and to bed, and if
heels or heart ache,
Well, it's sound sleep and long sleep, and sleep
too deep to wake.

EPILOGUE

O LITTLE waking hour of life out of
sleep !

When I consider the many million years
I was not yet, and the many million years
I shall not be, it is easy to think of the sleep
I shall sleep for the second time without hopes
or fears.

Surely my sleep for the million years was deep ?
I remember no dreams from the million years,
and it seems

I may sleep for as many million years without
dreams.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
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